



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 30 – Number 2

June 2012

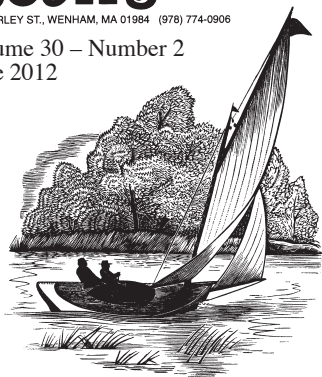
Special Features This Issue
Danny Clears the Way: Part II
Small Boat Sailing in the 21st Century
Man vs Wild Thing – Fishing Boats in Goa, India
When Irish Eyes are Smiling – Ransom 2



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

The TSCA journal, *Ash Breeze*, arrived here, just as I was undertaking to write this column, with the following announcement about the "revitalized" John Gardner Small Craft Workshop which will take place at Mystic Seaport the end of this month:

John Gardner Small Craft Workshop June 29 to July 1, 2012

"The John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, which re-ignited the traditional small craft movement in this country and started the TSCA more than 40 years ago, will be revitalized this year with a workshop jointly sponsored by the Traditional Small Craft Association, Mystic Seaport and *WoodenBoat*."

The workshop will be held in conjunction with the *WoodenBoat* Show at Mystic Seaport from June 29 through July 1, 2012. This joint sponsorship will provide attendees with both new workshop activities and also attendance to all of the *WoodenBoat* Show displays and activities.

The workshop will include the gathering of small boat enthusiasts who bring their boats to use and share with others, but this year will also include a display of various types of traditional boats of both traditional and modern construction with volunteers available to talk about their characteristics. There will also be demonstrations on how to use traditional boats and a daily boat parade along the Show's waterfront.

The Workshop will be focused at the *Australia* beach near the boat livery right in the midst of the show. This will be a great opportunity for those of us in the TSCA to get together and share our love of traditional small craft but also to expose attendees to the *WoodenBoat* Show to the joys of traditional small craft and continue to grow our membership.

Volunteers will be needed to staff the workshop and give demonstrations. Please watch for updates on www.tasca.net this month."

While this message is specifically directed at TSCA members, it needs to be heeded by any of us who still harbor an interest in reviving this significant event, which sadly passed out of existence a couple of years ago when the sponsoring Mystic Sea-

port no longer felt able to cover its costs. At that time I went on at some length about the significance of the event and why it should be continued, but the necessary people/funding to achieve this failed to come forward.

Piggybacking the Workshop on the *WoodenBoat* Show gives a tremendous impetus to revitalizing the TSCA's role in preserving and promoting interest in traditional small craft. TSCA, along with its 27 existing chapters (plus three in process of organizing) is still pretty much preaching to the choir. The 12,000+ who attend the *WoodenBoat* Show provide an enormous "focus group" (marketing jargon) who will have opportunity to see traditional small craft up close and in use by those who build and enjoy using them.

The location on the beach by the *Australia* building (for those familiar with the Seaport's layout) had been the locale of the Workshop for many years up until its demise, it is ideal in scale, not crowded in amongst the trade displays. The wandering multitude meandering through the Show (spread out over the whole Seaport "campus") will happen upon this little oasis of small boats, sheltered from the commercial ambiance, where a group of enthusiasts with their own boats can be seen and met, and in some cases their boats even tried out, a key feature of past Workshops.

Participation with your own boat is not limited to TSCA members, you will be enthusiastically welcomed. But if you are unable to bring along your own pride and joy, do plan to come by and enjoy vicariously the handiwork of others. Past Workshops have always presented a broad range of traditional small craft, the very thing that makes this particular focus of messing about in boats so appealing.

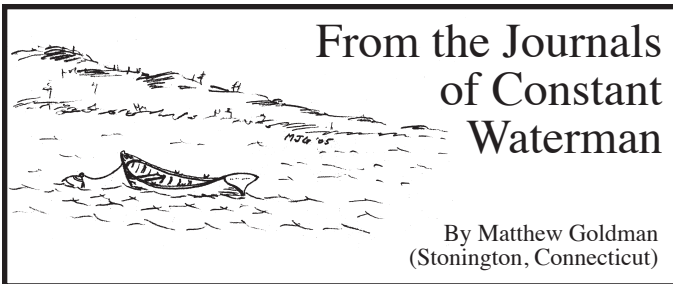
For details on participating or just attending, contact the following:

www.mysticseaport.org
has all necessary info and registration forms

www.tasca.net
has specific TSCA info about what
will be going on

On the Cover...

This issue's cover is from the "25 years Ago in MAIB" feature about currachs on pages 37-40. These unique craft caught my attention at a gathering of them at Mystic Seaport Museum in 1987 where I learned that two women who belonged to the Cape Ann Rowing Club and also were in the Gloucester Sirens Rowing Club, involved with a Scilly Islands gig, purchased a currach built by the Philadelphia Maritime Museum. I just happened to find this photo presented a very contented looking currach rower enjoying his craft.



Finally took *MoonWind* out for a sail yesterday after having been shorebound for over a month. Seems as though winter means to pass us by. After the ice and snow and freezing rain that normally depress us, it makes for a welcome change. I understand that the alligators have taken over the Chesapeake and the coconut palms grown so prolific that the entire Eastern Shore has been declared a hard hat area.

Yesterday, the breeze would scarcely lift your skirts, but the ebb tide ripped down Fishers Island Sound, determined to get to Watch Hill to see the sunset. Since most fair weather sailors tucked their boats in for the winter, the lobstermen have strung innumerable pots three ways to Sunday about the harbors. The ferocious tide drove some of these pot buoys well beneath the surface. We kept score and found that we missed nearly as many buoys as we hit.

With the wind and tide both out of the west, at every tack across the sound, the tide set us back to about where we began. For those of you who stick close to your yards and crave a dryer analogy, imagine riding your mower over and back just to mow the same swath again and again. Had we headed east with the wind astern, we could have made it to Boston in time for breakfast. If you find your grass has grown back as soon as you've mowed it, just turn your mower and drive due east. I'll meet you in Buzzards Bay.

Stopped at Mouse Island and interviewed the Old Cormorant, as promised. He couldn't remember a winter as mild as this one. He claimed the warmth of the water has led to proliferation of zooplankton. Consequently, the mummichogs have grown so stout he can scarcely swallow any. This accounts for his being so stout he can scarcely get off the ground. After hearing his complaints about the present and his fond but dim recollections about the good old days when herring gulls never squawked back my mind began to drift. Then again, it may have just been *MoonWind*, dragging her anchor.

To grow old requires boring the younger generation silly. As many of them today are already silly, it isn't the challenge it once was. Nonetheless, I've made it my resolution, this new year, not to grow any older. Some people say I won't be able to keep this resolution. Others confide I've done a remarkable job these fifty years. I say it's merely a matter of resolve. Given the choice of boating or growing older, I've made the only plausible decision. If my beard should happen to turn white, it'll be the result of not combing out all the salt.

After we bounced off two or three dozen lobster pot buoys, we made it out to West Clump. The tide was half out and, on the wet, exposed rocks, the seals basked in the sunshine. These seals enjoy vacation from Down East, where just staying warm this time of year counts as a full time job. Following the holidays, they normally depart the coast of Maine for some well deserved relaxation in tropical waters. Connecticut, with its sultry winters, pellucid depths, and sparkling sands, proves all the travel brochures can claim and, on days such as these, a bargain at half the price.

At least these seals know enough to keep off the piers and refrain from molesting our boats. Their cousins out west, the sea lions, seem to have no couth when it comes to boating. I've seen the photos. Dozens of portly pinnipeds, draped across pleasure boats in abandoned poses, sipping strong drink from glasses with tiny umbrellas. But everyone knows what Californians are like.

Our seals from Maine show much more reserve. You've only to converse with a lobsterman from Down East to know where they get their respect for well built boats. And their reticent manners. Harbor seals seldom speak unless spoken to first, and then, they usually just nod and say, "Ayuh."

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You write to us about...

Activities & Experiences...

WCHA Northeast Chapter Mid-Winter Meeting

Attention was directed toward the salesman and other model canoes brought by members and guests. Benson Gray's contribution consisted of Old Town models, the oldest a 1905 specimen followed by one from the 1910s, a Stelmok OT model, one built in the 1990s by long time Old Town employee builder Joe Lavoie and a Hullabaloo promotional canoe, its hull plastered with Old Town advertising blurbs, pictures and similar material. New member Zach Smith brought a beautifully done 1916 Kennebec salesman model he claims is one of the earliest specimens. George Nolan showed several miniatures, a sampling of the over 300 he has built for Old Town and others over the years. Bob Bassett showed two items: Burt Libby's exquisite model of one of his canoes, and a nicely done miniature bark made by Carol Bassett's father.

Chapter interest in obtaining a 25' war canoe is still very much alive, but none has been found yet. Mentioned was made of an unused war canoe located in central Maine and an inquiry on the chapter's behalf will be made. If not for sale, members suggested a loan/maintenance agreement. Meanwhile the search goes on.

Sadly, The Katahdin Area Wooden Canoe Festival is no more. Held for several years on the banks of the Penobscot East Branch in Medway, ME, a long haul from southern and central Maine, declining interest in working to put it together had reduced it to pretty much a one-man operation, one that chapter member Warren Richardson did competently without complaint. But it had simply become a matter of far more work than yield. For those who managed to make the early August trek to Medway, the opportunity to celebrate traditional canoes on the banks of one of their "mother watersheds" will be missed. So too, will be the chance to paddle Warren's works of functional art, his beautiful Kennebec Guide Models. For the years he kept it going, all WCHA members owe Warren a hearty "than you" for his efforts.

Paul McGuire, Secretary-Treasurer

Eastern Messabout

The Second Annual Eastern Messabout takes place on June, 1-2-3 at Elk Neck State Park, MD. The thoroughly delightful days of 2011 are still vivid memories. 40 skippers, 60 boats, families and friends. Same general format and arrangements, three days of "messaging about", an INFORMAL gathering for sailboats, powerboats, canoes & kayaks; home-built or commercial, nail & glue, stitch & glue or "traditional".

The Park arrangements are the same, make your own reservations, ramp fees, etc. <http://www.dnr.state.md.us/publiclands/central/elkneck.asp>

I Thought You Said Parrots!

A skiff manned by six parrots attempted to board a tanker in the Gulf of Aden. The parrot skiff approached the ship in the early morning, and five of the parrots attempted to board. A private security team sprayed the parrots with high-pressure hoses in hopes of repelling the attack, but the parrots succeeded in boarding the vessel. Ship's personnel in a secured safe-room heard one of the parrots, who spoke English, demand seed money. While the captain engaged the parrots in negotiations, another U.S. flagged vessel approached, and the parrots fled to their skiff. Parrot attacks in the Gulf of Aden are on the rise, and mariners are encouraged to carry ample supplies of cuttlebones, sunflower seeds, and chew-toys while transiting this area.

Carol Jones, Tuckahoe, NJ

Fog at Sea

Fog is that bully we all remember from the grade school playground. He might steal our lunch one day, trip us and send us sprawling the next. We might even spend an entire term walking the long way around, just to avoid his malevolence.

Sometimes, fog is downright mean. Sometimes, just a nuisance. But, I can't say fog has ever been a friend. Not at sea, anyway.

OK. It's pretty simple. All it takes is cold seawater, slightly warmer, moisture-laden air that drops to within 4°F of this thing we call the dew point. Fog.

Fog at sea is always something to be wary of. Fog at night is the worst. Fog can swallow the glow of a running light. It simply obliterates a spotlight's loom. Rock jetties melt away like jello on a hot sidewalk. It can muffle sounds and scatter them to random compass bearings.

Fog can fool all our senses. A tiny seabird is as likely to masquerade as an incoming aircraft, and a seal can look a lot like a surfacing submarine. There simply isn't the normal complement of cues. Fog will transform a sparkling, clear fetch into dusk in moments.

Things like radar can help. Sometimes. But, anybody who has brought his vessel through underwater dangers and other ships and boats while in the fog knows. It's what we do manage to see. And, hear. And, smell. Yes, fog has a peculiar smell. Often, it smells like fear.

We don't have to be afraid to be uncomfortable. Some people define a day at sea on a small boat as the "most expensive way to travel THIRD class, while being wet, cold, and generally miserable." Fog can have a lot to do with that assessment.

Every now and then, fog will let us in on secrets we just might never discover any other way. Maybe we know somebody with a penchant for being out where he really didn't plan to be, but no particularly better idea now that he is already out there. I admit it. I know somebody like that.

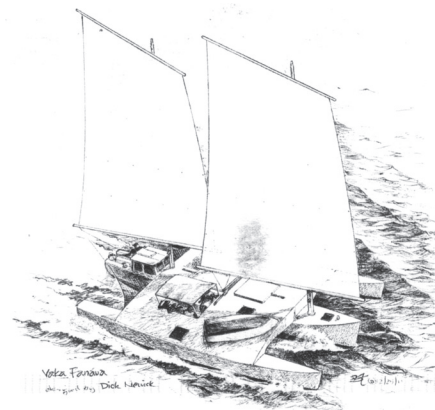
Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

Designs...

Tongan Freight/Passenger Boat

Bruce Alderson did a great job capturing what this 50', 6,000lb capacity freight/passenger boat I designed to serve remote Tongan islands will look like. Tongans are enthusiastically raising the money to have her built.

Dick Newick, Sebastopol, CA



Information of Interest...

Hat's Off to the Road Warriors

Axon's swell memories of Jim Thayer in his "Travels with Thayer" in the February issue prompts this note. Thayer and Axon were two who would travel great distances at the drop of a hat. It's a far pull from Thayer's Grand Junction, CO to my locality of Challis, ID to attend our Pen d'Oreille meet only to experience three days of heat, smoke and flat water.

In return I drove a tired 25 year-old rig 2,200 miles to enjoy the Starvation meet which celebrated Jim and Janis' 50th Anniversary. Worth every gas dollar and I would go again at the drop of a fat credit card.

Hats off to some other road warriors... Kim Apel, Thom Vetromile and Dan Rogers have adventured far, wide and often, Leinwebers too, laughing at the tax man along with Thayer. Here's remembering our favorite road guy with all the rotten trailers to beat all.

Bob Simmons, Sandpoint, ID

Information Wanted...

Bonnie Lass Info Wanted

Bonnie Lass is a 26' day cruiser built in 1959 by James Miller in Scotland. Reader Frank Mankiewicz advertised her for sale in the June, 1994 issue of *MAIB*. I would like to hear from any readers about this boat.

Jon Bahrt, PO Box 91, W. Rockport, ME 04865

Growing Up Sailing in Holland

Greetings and thank you for continuing the publication of *MAIB*, it is much appreciated. Also my heartfelt thanks to Hugh Ware for his monthly compendium of shipping news.

I have relatives in both Britain and the Netherlands so the expeditions and (mis)adventures by members of the UK's Dinghy Cruising Association and the occasional descriptive forays in Holland and Friesland by various correspondents hold special meaning for me and the missus, who, incidentally, grew up on tugboats and barges.

As children and teenagers we were given a lot of liberty and latitude, especially so after WWII, so in the misspent youth of myself and one of my cousins we annually exhausted the money we had squirreled away by assiduously working after school hours in nurseries and landscaping to hire a 16 square meter Solent-rigged sailboat, generally known as a "large B.M" (16sq m is 175sq ft sail area) At the time this was the most popular sailboat class in the Netherlands with some 4,000 plus boats.

We would sleep under the boom tent. Since we already had spent our money on boat hire, our respective mothers supplied the food as they feared our imminent starvation. Being growing boys and with memories of mass starvation in Holland at the end of WWII, this prospect was still in mind, so we were given a well-stocked larder.

Because we had no money left to take a passenger boat from Amsterdam to Lemmer in Friesland we would leave at some ungodly hour in the early morning and bicycle from Haarlem (west of Amsterdam) to somewhere near Sneek in Friesland where the boat would be waiting all fitted out with mattresses, cooking apparatus, etc., but no life jackets! We were supposed to be able to swim. We did this for a number of years until I joined the Dutch Merchant Marine at age nineteen.

We would have the time of our lives in complete and absolute freedom. In those days we could moor anywhere along any canal or lake for free and Friesland in the early and mid-fifties was a recreational sailing paradise, very rural and quiet with fewer bridges and fewer boats than urbanized Holland. I am glad to learn that Friesland is still the Mecca for Dutch sailors and that today's sailors still lookout for their fellow boaters with as much give and take as is required on Holland's and Friesland's now crowded waters with often only inches to spare between boats where common sense regularly necessitates negation of strict adherence to the rules of right of way.

The "Dutch yacht on the Heegermeer (bottom of Page 16 in April issue) is known as a "skutsje". These were freighters of some 40-60 tons. Many cities and localities, as well as private owners, have their own skutsje which they race against each other with no quarter given or asked. A dozen or more of these former freighters racing and maneuvering in the narrow confines of canals and passageways is a sight never to be forgotten, especially in Force 5-7. One was well advised to stay well clear because in the heat of the racing they would sail right over anyone and to hell with the consequences. The skutsje pictured is owned by the town of Eernewoude and maintained, as well as raced, funded from the town's coffers.

I suppose the big difference I note today is that in the Netherlands people work to live while from my perspective here in Canada I feel that in North America too many people live to work.

Bob Groot, Kinmouth, ON



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Cape Race: Stories from the Coast That Sank the Titanic

By Robert C. Parsons
Flanker Press Limited
St John's, 2011
\$19.95

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

When looking at a chart of the North Atlantic Ocean it is easy to see that traveling from England west to North America by the great circle route, the first land mass you will contact is shaped like the head of an arrow. The point of the arrowhead is a headland named Cape Race located on the SE corner of the island of Newfoundland. Looking at it, it seems like it would be easy to avoid, just keep an eye out for the Cape and steer well south, traveling along the coast until reaching your destination of Halifax, Boston or New York.

But early navigation instrumentation and aids were crude, and for 160 to 170 days a year thick fog blankets Cape Race and the surrounding areas. There was no lighthouse nor fog horn. Ocean currents were treacherous in that area, insidiously pushing a ship to the north into the cape which was surrounded with offshore rocks and reefs.

Once a vessel encountered the reef, it seemed like the reef always claimed it. Also, at times icebergs frequented the waters around the Cape. A lot of strikes could line up quickly against a mariner as he attempted to locate and travel by the Cape.

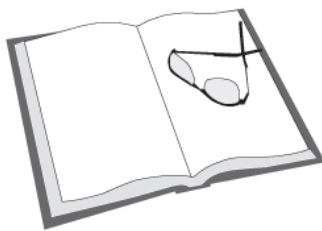
Mr Parsons' book is a collection of 48 stories of ships running afoul of Cape Race beginning in August 1840 with the *Florence* and ending with the disappearance of *Jennie Bamo* in August 1960. The stories are interesting. As you read them, you find yourself pulling for the sailors to slow down in the fog and steer to the south away from the Cape.

Of course, the Cape wins each time and all 48 ships end up in the graveyard around Cape Race. Sometimes all hands are lost and then the next crew will be lucky and escape the Cape but, of course, lose their boat. There are some pretty heroic rescues made by the local folks who live along the shoreline near the Cape. Often they had to go the extra mile to save lives and care for the stranded sailors.

In 1856 the first lighthouse was built at the Cape and a fog horn added in 1863. A telegraph network reached Cape Race and for a while news from passing ships was dropped off in canisters into the water and picked up by small boats and transmitted to the North American mainland.

This enabled the news to beat the ship by a couple of days. In 1904 a wireless station was installed and run by the Marconi Company with a 300-400 mile range. It could communicate with passing ships offshore in Morse code. In 1912 the station at Cape Race handled messages from the *Titanic*, including distress signals after the ship hit a huge iceberg about 80 nautical miles south of Cape Race and sank.

By the mid-20th century, with new and improved navigation equipment and communications and a reduction in the number of ships passing Cape Race, shipwrecks on the Cape were greatly reduced. The stories in this book focus on the early years, prior to fog alarms, lights, good communication and
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Book Reviews

navigation equipment, when ships large and small, both power and sail, did battle with the great Cape.

There are 65 pictures, a table of contents, and an index of ships included in the 263-page book. I enjoyed the book.

Kayak Morning

By Roger Rosenblatt
Reflection on Love, Grief and Small Boats
Harper Collins, 2012

Soon after my six-year-old daughter Robin died from the assault of Cystic Fibrosis, I started having dreams of climbing up the mast of a sailboat, out in the Atlantic, looking for her. Every few weeks I had this dream, me going up the mast, searching the horizon, never seeing her.

By the middle of spring in the Carolinas, I started looking in the classifieds of the *Raleigh News and Observer*, idly looking at the boat ads. One Friday morning, "Cold Molded Flying Dutchman for sale with trailer, \$1000." I called up my friend Lex and we drove out Six Forks Road in North Raleigh to have a look. I brought my check book, Lex brought his ice pick.

With the owner standing by, Lex and his 6'4" frame crawled along on his back along the cement floor of the garage thumping and tapping the hull of the sailboat. After 20 minutes he stood up, looked at me and said, "Buy it!" I wrote a check for \$800 which the owner accepted since he was moving to California in two weeks. This began the love affair between me and the sailboat *Sugar*. Remarkably, the night dreams of climbing the mast searching for Robin stopped.

Two and half years after the sudden death of his daughter Amy, Rosenblatt buys a kayak, takes lessons, dons a life preserver and begins paddling Pennimans Creek near his home of Quogue on the south shore of Long Island. He keeps a journal of his meanderings, what he sees and what he thinks about. He always goes out alone, at dawn, with no one else on the water.

As I read this book, I thought, "Only a person who has journeyed through the chaos of grief could write this." Rosenblatt throws out words and periods, doesn't finish sentences and quotes Emerson and Shakespeare. He lets us see how his mind responds to the physical anguish of losing a daughter. For those who enjoy a straightforward narrative this will be disconcerting. I couldn't make sense of some of his leaps and bounds, but then again who can make sense of the loss of a son or daughter?

Even after he and his wife move to Bethesda, Maryland, to help his son-in-law

take care of the children, his imaging mind returns to Pennimans Creek, Long Island Sound and the solitude and the movement of water and his newfound sense of homecoming. Being on the water.

At the end of the book, I find companionship with Rosenblatt when he struggles with his belief in God. He tells us he has had to find a way to live on without God. Both of us have learned how to live empty-handed with the gift, the disappearance and the return of water. One paddle at a time.

The Grand Banks A Pictorial History

By J. P. Andrieux
Flanker Press Limited St. John's NF
2011 - \$24

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

East of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia for about 300 miles is an area of ocean called the Grand Banks of New Newfoundland. Also, just to the NE of the Grand Banks is a smaller area called the Flemish Cap. These Banks are relatively shallow (100' to 300' depth) and were extremely productive cod fish producing areas until finally fished out in 1992 by the unregulated fisherman of the world.

This book tells that story beginning at the discovery of the fishery in the late 1400s until July, 1992, when Canada banned cod fishing completely on the Banks.

Fishing started with handlines fishing cod from dories by one or two fisherman who worked from sailing mother ships. Most of the fisherman were from Europe and the result was an ecologically friendly fishery. In the late 1800s the otter trawl was introduced followed by the steam trawler. The trawlers coexisted with the handliners until World War 11.

After the war fishing took off with vengeance using larger factory trawlers and pair trawlers. Countries from around the world (15 +/- countries) fished for cod unregulated. It was the wild west on the Banks and the poor cod did not have a chance. The Canadian government established a 12 mile limit then a 200 mile limit, but both were too little too late to save the cod stocks. Today there are just a few trawlers fishing outside the 200 mile limit, all closely watched with Dept. of Fisheries observers on board.

Mr. Andrieux has written an interesting story but also a sad one to see a wonderful resource like the cod decimated. The book is a combination of text and pictures. There are over 500 good quality black and white photos illustrating the people, gear, boats, ships and places at work in all kinds of weather. The book has 347 pages.

The Wind in the Willows

The Man Behind the Book

Kenneth Grahame was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1859. After his mother died, Kenneth and his siblings were sent to live with their grandmother in the village of Cookham Dean in southern England. His grandmother's home, called the Mount, was

a rambling old house, with a big attic and garden to play in. He loved exploring the nearby River Thames and the Bisham Woods.

Grahame was an excellent student, and he hoped to go to Oxford, but his once-wealthy family could no longer afford it, and he never went to college. Instead, at the age of 19, he got a job at the Bank of England. He was nostalgic for his childhood, and he used his salary from the bank to collect children's toys, wooden toys and stuffed animals, which filled his flat and surprised unsuspecting guests. He wrote down ideas for stories in his bank ledgers, and published several books, glorifying childhood: *The Pagan Papers* (1892), *The Golden Age* (1895), and *Dream Days* (1898).

When Grahame was 38, still a bachelor, he met 35-year-old Elspeth Thomson. They got married, and had a son named Alistair. He was a weak and sickly child, blind in one eye. He told his son bedtime stories about a character named Mr. Toad and his friends Ratty, Mole, and Badger. Grahame drew on his own happy memories of his sheltered childhood by the River Thames, and he turned the Bisham Woods into the Wild Wood. Eventually, he wrote these stories down and collected them in a book, which he called *The Wind in the Willows*. It was rejected over and over again, and when it was finally published, it got terrible reviews. Critics who loved Grahame's earlier books thought that *The Wind in the Willows* paled in comparison. But it soon proved to be incredibly popular, in both England and America, and went through four editions in six months.

The Beetle Cat A DVD

Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch

Beetle Cats are best known for the colorful sails pretty looks. They are only 12' long and 6' wide and have rather large open cockpits for such small boats. Built by the Beetle family, originally for a cost of around \$300 including the sail, they were to be affordable family boats. Beetle built whaleboats until the whaling trade declined, then switched to the little catboats.

There have been several owners of the Beetle Cat name, business and manufacturing rights over the years. Most recently, Tom Womack bought the rights to Beetle Cat and has been producing, repairing and restoring these little boats in a new shop in Wareham, Massachusetts. The shop also builds and restores other traditionally built wooden boats. This DVD gives a general history of the Beetle Cat, and the past and present owners, and how the various businesses have changed and developed over the years.

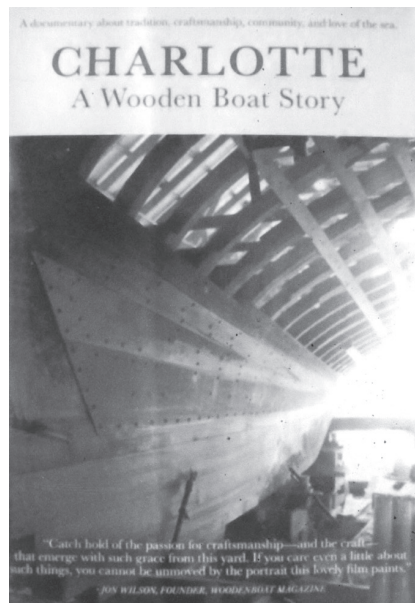
The DVD includes old photos and vintage film from the very early years of whaleboats and catboats, to the present day, along with plenty of film showing the old and new shops and interviews with some of the past and present owners and builders. In this DVD you will learn some interesting facts and information about a boat and its history that you may think you know, only to find out the rest of the story. It runs for an hour and can be purchased from the *WoodenBoat* store, or from the Beetle Cat website, among others, for \$19.95.

The Beetle Cat website itself (Beetlecat.com) is also worth taking a look at as well as it

has lots and lots of photos of the shop and of the finished boats that have been restored or built. It also has some Beetle Cats for sale both new and used and replacement parts and fittings. You'll enjoy both the website and the DVD.

Charlotte A DVD

Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch



This new DVD is a documentary about the Gannon and Benjamin Marine Railway, on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. Nat Benjamin and Ross Gannon started this wooden boat building and repair business in 1980.

The DVD covers approximately three years of building *Charlotte*, a 50' schooner that was built for Nat Benjamin and his family and friends. Included is the development of the design as Nat describes the schooner he thinks is the ideal design for its intended use.

The story begins with Nat Benjamin giving a presentation of the beginning and growth of the yard and what he thinks a classic traditionally built boat is. The film then moves to the boatyard and the schooner *Charlotte*, named after Nat's grandmother, and the building begins. Interspersed throughout the film amongst footage of the building of the schooner are some insights into the friends and community of Martha's Vineyard that helped establish the yard, as well as some of their family life, both at the yard and home. Also included is the launching of other boats, such as the 29' motor yacht *Icona*, a Herreshoff Alerion sloop named *Advent* and *Then and Now*, a 38' custom sloop with lots of flashy brightwork.

Then there is an appearance of the late Senator Ted Kennedy and his wife. They stopped into the yard to get some help with the engine in their schooner *Maya*.

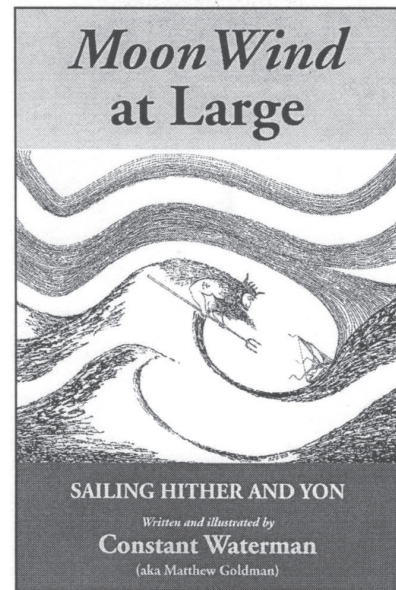
I'm leaving much out so as to not spoil the fun of this glorious DVD. If you like wooden boats and some wonderful film of beautiful sailing vessels and some builders who simply love the type of work they do, you're going to love this as much as I did. The film runs for over an hour and a half, and has some "bonus footage" and interviews. The extras themselves are worth the price.

This DVD can be purchased for \$24.95 from the *WoodenBoat* store or Amazon.com, among other sites. And don't forget to check out the Gannon and Benjamin website. There are some interesting photos and short videos there, too.

Moon Wind at Large Sailing Hither and Yon

By Matthew Goldman
Breakaway Books – \$14.95
PO Box 24, Halcottville, NY 12438

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



This is more of an announcement of a new book by our Constant Waterman than a review, since anyone reading this has had the opportunity to read Matthew's monthly column on page 3 of every issue for a long time now and has come to a conclusion as to whether his essays grab them. I thought perhaps I'd be re-reading many of his columns we've published but not so, in the 296 pages were perhaps a couple of dozen essays that sounded familiar, out of about 150 or more (I didn't count them, there are a lot).

Judging from the reading of this concentration of so many of his essays about his endless and ongoing affair with sailing, one comes to realize that here is a man now getting on in years who wants nothing more from life than to be sailing "hither and yon". That "hither and yon" is nearly all within about 25 miles of his home port in Noank on Connecticut's Long Island Sound shoreline doesn't seem to bore him, an all-day trip of a dozen miles he's done dozens of times already proves to still be amply rewarding.

In one essay he remarks on bringing home from a two week trip away (all of 50 or so miles from home over Martha's Vineyard way) his scribbling that will require the next three months for him to put into shape for publication. It is from all these scribbles from all his sailing hither and yon (constantly?) that these essays emerge. As is the case where he never seems to tire of his modest sailing adventures I never seem to tire of reading about them. His essays are superb evocations of what sailing means to him.

At 73 I've become more cautious about embarking alone upon a potentially difficult cruise. So it was a comfort and pleasure to have my good friend Dennis Figley from Ashland, Ohio, as my sailing companion during this week-long cruise on Maine's mid-coast.

Past experience has shown early September to be an outstanding time to venture out on Maine's coastal waters. That it is also hurricane season obviously can be a concern. This year proved to be no exception, the weather following Hurricane Danny, then downgraded to a gale force storm, turned out to be fantastic. From Sunday on we enjoyed nothing but warm sunny weather, the best Maine had all summer, though on occasions the wind was light.

The log up to now: After being held up a day by Danny, Dennis and I departed from Tenants Harbor on Sunday, August 30. We sailed a northeasterly course up Muscle Ridge Channel, then tuned east, crossing Penobscot Bay to the White Islands.

The following day we made stops at Hurricane Island and Carvers Harbor before anchoring for the night at Merchant Island in Merchants Row. By Tuesday the wind had become light and it was a struggle just to complete the 10nm to Burnt Coat Harbor on Swan's Island.

Wednesday, September 2, 2009: At Burnt Coat Harbor we awoke to another gorgeous morning after dining on delicious "just off the boat" lobsters the evening before. The sky was clear and the sun warm, but like the previous day there was hardly any wind. Drifting past the stately schooner *Heritage* we bid farewell to this beautiful harbor.

Getting through the narrow east entrance once more called for using the oars; however, even after we arrived outside the wind remained elusive, not appearing until we had rowed a few hundred meters offshore. I gave Dennis the compass heading for Frenchboro on Long Island, and he steered accordingly.

This was the furthest east we would go, having decided that after Frenchboro we needed to begin swinging back. With the breeze improving, the crossing of less than 3nm didn't take long.



Arriving in Frenchboro. Lunt Harbor imparts a sense of having stepped back in time.

Frenchboro is extremely interesting. During my first Maine cruises I had been reluctant to venture so far offshore. Now, however, I try to stop there when possible, and it is so unique that I really wanted Dennis to see it.

Frenchboro (Long Island) As Described by Taft:

"Frenchboro is remote, very remote, and a wonderful place to visit. Here a few dozen islanders in a lobstering community cling to their century-old way of life with great determination and considerable ingenuity.

"The Rockefeller family owns most of Long Island and Frenchboro, on Lunt Harbor,

Danny Clears the Way for a Great Maine Cruise Part II

By Dick Harrington

is the only community. The rest of the island's 2,500 acres is undeveloped and unspoiled. Visitors can explore by hiking the well-maintained trails. A few cellarholes are all that remain to tell the story of former settlers."

A few historical facts gleaned from Taft: Frenchboro has a colorful history dating back to 1786 when Massachusetts land speculator Col. James Swan acquired both Long Island and Swans Island. By 1812 Long Island had been sold to Michael O'Maley, who offered land to settlers. In 1820 there were 3 households and a population of 19.

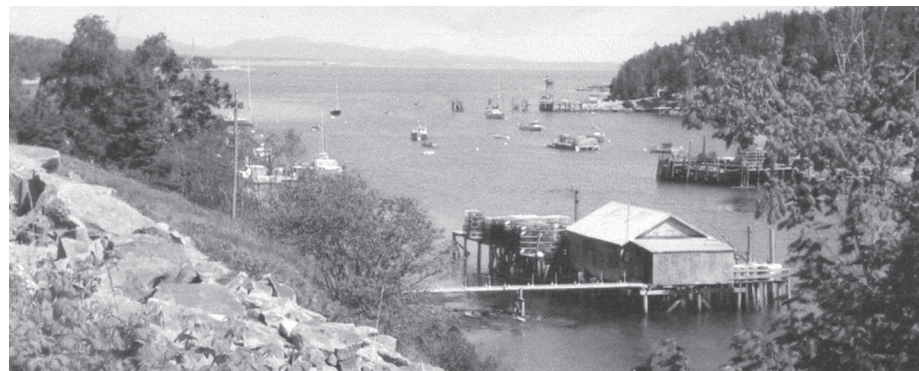
The fishing industry was groundfish, such as haddock and cod. In 1835 Israel B. Lunt bought 1,132 acres, which became Frenchboro, for \$600. A third or more of today's residents have his surname. Today the fishing centers on lobstering, seining for herring and dragging for scallops. The island population reached a peak of 197 in 1910 and then started a steady decline.

Dennis had me figured out. I was content to let him have the helm for long periods on the water, but when entering a harbor I would be chomping at the bit to take over. The more congested things were, the better I liked it. *Blue Mist* is a fine looking "woody" and my baby, so I don't think he minded letting me be the one to chance a mishap, at least that is my excuse!

As is the case with many Maine harbors, Frenchboro's town landing is situated at the very far end of the inner harbor. Getting there entailed a fair amount of tacking, in a shifty wind, picking our way through a pack of boats on moorings, and vacant moorings, as well as avoiding several large outlying rocks. Coming into the floating dock, *Blue Mist* was moving a bit faster than I wanted, forcing Dennis to cushion our impact. My ego would have liked a second chance. Still, I thought we had done pretty well.

Unbeknownst to us, we were being watched! "I saw you coming in and had to hurry down to meet you. What a beautiful boat!" Involved in the task of neatening up the cockpit, I was caught by surprise. Dennis was, too.

Looking up, I saw the man who had spoken standing on the dock above me. "What I need is a boat like this one," the man lamented, adding, "I own a Cape Dory that hasn't been in the water for two years, it's too much work and my wife won't help me." He was anxious to know about our adventures,



Frenchboro's outer harbor, looking north.

obviously green with envy. This was our pleasant welcome to Frenchboro.

The time was approaching noon and I remembered that there was a small fish shack eating place located on Lunt Wharf. Hungry, we headed on foot for the far side of the harbor to see about some lunch. Along the way we happened across an artist working at his easel at the side of the harbor road. Pausing for a few moments, we admired his painting. With the lobstermen mostly out working, we found few people moving about. As Taft says, Frenchboro is a quiet, peaceful town far removed from the fast pace of the rest of the world.

I thought that things looked more prosperous and less rundown than the first time I was there with Tom Graefe a few years back. A very dilapidated building that previously looked as if it were about to fall into the harbor was gone. Evidently lobster fishing is proving to be a successful way of making a living. Also, I suspect there is a small contingent of summer residents, such as the fellow we met on the dock, who help keep the economy going. It would seem that the one-time worry that Frenchboro would decline into extinction is probably history.

We were lucky. The lunch kitchen, a shack on a wharf with some outside picnic tables, wouldn't close for the season until

Modern times came slowly, electricity in the 1950s and telephone not until 1982. Facing the possibility of extinction as the population continued to decline, a block grant was obtained from the state to make improvements, with much of the money going to allow inexpensive land parcels and low interest loans to attract young residents and increase the population. Articles about the low-cost housing project appeared in such far flung places as *The New York Times* and *USA Today* and a tabloid dubbed it a "homesteading" project on "Fantasy Island."

In the distance are the high peaks of Mount Desert Island. Such fair weather and crystal clear visibility is rare. By now I'm sure

tomorrow. I ordered a delicious fish chowder while Dennis devoured a big sausage sandwich. Before leaving we took advantage of an outdoor sink to wash away some of the salty encrustation from our faces.

Having stretched our legs and seen some of the town, albeit briefly, we felt it was time to return to *Blue Mist*. The southwesterly was looking good and we had lots of sea miles to cover.

Our next anchorage would be Buckle Harbor, located on the northwest side of Swan's Island. It was by then afternoon and the distance close to 12nm. However, we would have a reach most of the way along the eastern side of Swan's Island with a 10-12kt breeze. So I wasn't too worried.

Though open water sailing can be enjoyable, it is not nearly as much fun as threading through picturesque island passages such as those in Merchant Row. Rounding North Point, the northern tip of the Swan's Island, put us under the big island's lee, stifling our wind.

Now Dennis decided it was my turn to have the tiller, ugh! Regardless, the doldrums lasted but briefly before the breeze returned, this time coming from around the west side of the island. Now on our nose and freshening, it was being funneled between the islands of Casco Passage ahead of us, we were forced to beat through the narrows. So things got more interesting!

Casco Passage can be confusing and tricky and York Narrows immediately to the west even more so. In anything but calm weather it could be dangerous taking a yacht through under sail alone. The channel is narrow and twisting, with many sharp turns and reefs lying close by on all sides. Most big

boats motor through. On the other hand, with a centerboard dinghy it is easy enough, provided one doesn't get off track.

Having been through this passage at least half a dozen times I should have known the way. Except that somehow, in the process of making crisscross tacks, we missed a key channel marker, ending up buried within the group of small islands to the south. Having foolishly run up a blind bay that turned into a rock garden, I was hopelessly confused and forced to resort to the GPS for a fix, the first of two such blunders. Was this a sign of aging? I'm afraid so!

Buckle Harbor is an attractive, long, narrow bay surrounded by low headlands. Lying east of Buckle Island, it is quiet and peaceful with no hint of human habitation. When we arrived shortly after 4pm it was low tide. Already anchored in deeper water were two cruising sailboats which would soon be joined by a couple of others.

Back when first discussing the cruise with Dennis, I promised we would eat Maine mussels. Now it occurred to me, I might be able follow through on that promise. So instead of anchoring we continued, way back to the far end of the bay, passing over nasty ledges and boulders, in search of dinner. Sure enough, in water barely deep enough to keep from scraping *Blue Mist*'s undersides, thousands of mussels covered the bottom. Donning shellproof wading shoes, we had the bucket two-thirds full in 20 minutes, which was way more mussels than we could possibly eat. Returning to deeper water we anchored in a picturesque spot away from the crowd and close to the spruce-cloaked shores of Buckle Island. Thinking about what a nice spot we had, I couldn't help musing,

did those on the big yachts, anchored way out, envy us and our ability to go almost anywhere, or were they mired in the luxury of big boat living, just thinking we were crazy? I will never know.

While preparing a sumptuous mussel dinner, we became intrigued by the peculiar actions of a guy in a small rubber dinghy from one of the yachts. Motoring toward us, the man would every so often abruptly kill the engine to do something. This behavior was repeated numerous times as the man approached. Intrigued, we couldn't figure out what the man was doing.

Finally he was near enough so that I could speak to him. "Having a motor problem?" I asked, good naturedly. "Oh, no!" he replied. "I'm just checking the depth. I see that I could have come in a lot further, but I was afraid to try." Yes, it dawned upon us, that was a lead line he held in his hand. Meanwhile, instead of dying with the sunset, the south wind continued to whistle down the shore of the island until late into the night. It was chilly, making us glad for the protection of the boom tent.

Mussels are very plentiful in Maine and can be found in most protected rocky bays. They live a few inches below the water's surface at low tide, in shallow bays, not storm-washed areas where they can get the nutrients they need to survive. A few times I've been fooled and disappointed, but generally, if a bay is rocky, shallow and well protected, there invariably are mussels.

Avoid busy harbors where pollution can be present. The bottom is usually somewhat mucky and they cling together in clumps, attaching themselves to one another, old shells, stones, almost anything on the bottom,



with thread-like feet that look like thin roots. Also, growing on the outer shells of live mussels are other forms of sea life such as barnacles and periwinkles.

Wild mussels, such as we enjoyed in Maine, are different from those typically found in fish markets or served in restaurants, though they taste the same and are just as good, or better. Mussels served in restaurants are, I believe, farm grown and have been “cleaned,” they are too uniform in size and free from extras, such as barnacles.

When gathering mussels one should strip away as much of the debris as possible, then allow them to soak for a while in clean sea water. However, for the best enjoyment further cleaning is recommended.

Mussels: Excerpted from *Stalking the Blue-Eyed Scallop* by Euell Gibbons

(Comments by Dennis Figley)

“If mussels are to be the main dish, you will need from one to two dozen for

each hearty eater. The first step in all mussel cookery is to scrub the outside of the shells thoroughly. I use a scratch pad of the kind intended for cleaning dirty kettles on Blue Mussels and a very stiff brush on the Ribbed Mussels.” (I use a wire brush on either kind and would prefer to scrape off the barnacles so they don’t end up in what ever I’m making when they are dead. DF).

“For Plain Steamed Mussels, which is not a dish to be despised, place four dozen mussels in a deep kettle, add a half-cup of dry white wine and steam for 20 minutes, when you will find all the mussels gaping wide. The liquid that runs out of the mussels as they cook will have added materially to the broth.” (That is why you should remove the barnacles. DF).

“Remove the top shells and serve hot on the half shell with the broth poured over the mussels and a flavorsome melted butter sauce on the side. Even the most rigid teetotaler need not bridle at the use of wine in seafood cookery. It is strictly for flavor and

not for wassailing. When wine is cooked, all the alcohol evaporates, but it imparts a flavor impossible to achieve any other way.”

Although Dennis stresses the point, we found it impractical to get rid of all of the barnacles. Dennis also has recipes from Euell Gibbons for Fried Mussels, as well as a more elegant Steamed Mussels in a “roux” sauce. It all sounds quite delectable but beyond the bounds of boat camping, I’m afraid. If you are interested in these recipes contact Dennis at petitoiseau44805@hotmail.com or obtain a copy of Euell Gibbons’ book.

Thursday, September 3, 2009: The tide was up, which was not the best time to be trying to get ashore. *Blue Mist* lay practically within a stone’s throw of the spruce thickets of Buckle Island. But the steep, smooth grey granite along the water’s edge looked unapproachable. “I don’t see any ready place we can land,” I moaned to Dennis. But Dennis suggested we check out a slight indentation a short way down and it turned out to be a perfect spot to nudge into.

Dropping the anchor off the bow a few meters out, we backed in until it was shallow enough to wade ashore. Taking a long stern line with me (approximately 50’) I let *Blue Mist* drift out a little way before tying it off to a rock. “This should be good for 20 minutes,” I told Dennis. “Should we decide to stay longer, it will be necessary to return and adjust the lines.” In these waters I would rarely think of beaching. There are too many rocks and the tide changes very quickly.

Another perfect day and we were up early as usual. Over breakfast we discussed plans for the next phase of our adventures. I made a couple of suggestions; head west, toward Merchant Row, or north to Eggemoggin Reach. We had seen only a small part of Merchant Row so far. On the other hand, on Eggemoggin Reach we could stop at the renowned *WoodenBoat* School in Brookline. Following that, we could continue west to East Penobscot Bay and the Barred Islands. It was decided that we should head north. Dennis wanted to see *WoodenBoat*.

With a weak southwesterly wind Dennis put *Blue Mist* on northwest heading. The first leg to *WoodenBoat* was about 6nm. However, it turned out that the second leg from *WoodenBoat* to the Barred Islands was nearly 16nm. An oversight, I didn’t have the chart of the western part of the Reach with me. Consequently, there would be a brief spell where we would be sailing by the seat of our pants. This was not a serious problem, but I hadn’t realized the Barreds were quite so far off. In the end, not knowing this was probably a good thing.

An hour or so later, when we were still a couple of miles from *WoodenBoat*, the wind petered out. Then, after rowing for a while, I realized that we were again lost. Exactly where were we? Examining the chart, I still wasn’t sure. Dennis pointed out that the channel was too narrow to be the Reach, plus, there weren’t any buoys. How could we have gotten off track on such calm, clear day? This was Dennis’ first time here, he had an excuse but I didn’t. Facing backwards, rowing, can do that, I guess.

Again the GPS solved the mystery. But I was surprised to discover how far off course we had strayed, wandering to the wrong side of an island and then mistaking it for another. Thankfully our frustration was soon eased when the breeze decided to return. Half an hour later we had arrived at the school’s landing.



Boat building was in full swing at the *Wooden Boat School*, with maybe half a dozen small boats of various types at different stages of completion. The shop doors were wide open and we watched with interest the energetic activities of a class of maybe 10 or 12 amateur boat builders. The many smiling faces made it clear that they were having the time of their lives.

The southwesterly had piped up, we didn't want to tarry long. Still, before departing we had sufficient time to don swim trunks and take advantage of the outdoor shower next to the boat house, our first since heading out. Shampooing my matted hair felt wonderful.

Headed westerly on Eggmoggin Reach, we were making excellent time, except now I began to realize how far we still had to go. I had forgotten how long the Reach was. Far ahead, we could make out the high suspension bridge crossing over from the mainland to Little Deer Isle. When we reached the bridge, we would be three-quarters of the way through the Reach, so the bridge became a central focal point, one that ever so slowly grew bigger in size.

Meanwhile, we were seeing more sailboats than previously. There were small boats out for day sails as well as an occasional passing yacht. Some, unique in hull design or rig, attracted our interest. The day sailors were obviously local boats, while most of the others were cruising like us, taking advantage of this fabulous shortcut between Jericho Bay to the east and East Penobscot Bay to the west.

When we were maybe half a mile from the bridge Dennis suddenly exclaimed, "Dick, that looks like a Wayfarer!" To our left, in close to shore, a small sailboat was setting out. "Nah, I don't think so," I replied, unable to imagine the likelihood. From that distance the boat looked too tiny. But Dennis was insistent. "I'm sure it's a Wayfarer," he maintained.

That was how we met North Carolinians Chris Marthinson and his wife, Jennifer Drolet sailing W2414 *Juliet* on a sunny September afternoon in a nice breeze on Eggmoggin Reach. Spying us with equal disbelief, they quickly made a beeline for *Blue Mist*.

For the better part of the ensuing hour the

Passing beneath the suspension bridge over Eggmoggin Reach with Chris and Jennifer.



two boats remained engaged in a running conversation, sometimes shouting over the wind while at other times resorting to the VHF.

We learned that W2414 is permanently ensconced on Deer Isle, where Chris and Jennifer found her. Jennifer explains that the couple have a sweetheart deal with a woman living there, one that has them making the trip to and from North Carolina to deliver the woman's car and dog, all expenses paid, in the spring and fall! On each trip they spend a week enjoying Maine and sailing their Wayfarer *Juliet*.

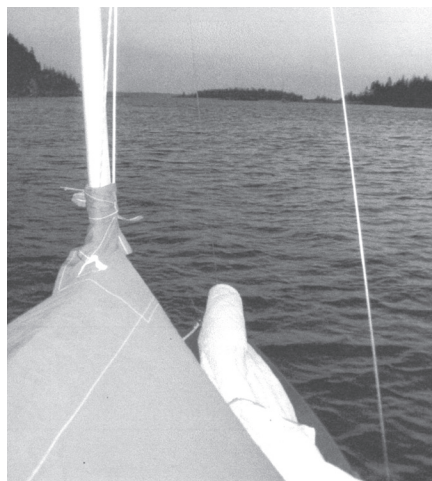
By the time the two Wayfarers had reached Pumpkin Island, the site of the old lighthouse marking the west entrance to the Reach, the sun was low. It was time for Chris and Jennifer to turn back, so we waved goodbye. Before separating, we agreed to get in touch. But attempting to take notes while at the same time manning the radio, I garbled their message. As a result I wasn't able to contact them until recently when they emailed me.

Having gone full circle, we were now headed south and beating to windward. The realization that it was getting late set in.

We would be hard pressed to reach the



Dennis at the helm on the Reach.



Nightfall on the Barreds.

Barred Islands before nightfall. This small group of islands lay hidden behind a distant green shroud posed by the bigger islands between us and them. Tapping the GPS way-

point "go-to" button, it revealed we still had 6 long nm to go.

Consisting of six low islands closely linked by a web of bars, the Barreds offer a well-protected anchorage. They are intriguing and peaceful, but what I enjoy most is the trickery needed for sneaking in through the bars. The islands lie between Butter Island and Great Spruce Head Island. But before that are Pickering Island and Bradbury Island. All are high and from a distance the differences are subtle.

Thus, with twilight approaching, I felt a definite need for the GPS. With the sun already down, but with enough light remaining from a deepening red sky to find our way, we, at last, gently scraped over a gravel bar and into our anchorage. Having covered around 22nm since departing Buckler Harbor, we were tired. Dinner would be late that evening!

Friday, September 4, 2009: We had anchored at the north end of the harbor, which is too shallow for anything other than a dinghy. This meant we had the place to ourselves. The cool night breeze again held late into the evening but dissipated before dawn. By morning the tide was down and there were but a couple of feet of water between *Blue Mist's* keel and the bottom. Every detail of the shells below was visible.

Unfortunately our enthusiasm was dampened when we rowed ashore and encountered No Trespassing signs. However, I thought that Dennis had a good take, "It's probably the fault of others more than the owners," he commented. We had little choice but to make the trip as hurried as we could. With little wind, we headed south for North Haven Island, a place of considerable wealth.

This would turn out to be one of our slowest days. Moving at a painful snail's pace, we worked our way down the north side of North Haven, alternating between sailing and rowing. Saving us from complete boredom was the beautiful scenery, some acrobatic antics of an energetic gull catching small fish and chance encounters with two magnificent turn-of-the-century yachts.

By noon we had covered less than



North Haven Island exhibits its yachting tradition as well as considerable wealth.

6nm and were nearing Pulpit Harbor where we decided to drop in for a look. As always seems to happen, once we were inside the harbor a bit of wind decided to show up, but we went in anyway.

Pulpit Harbor is attractive and a popular stop for windjammers. Though crowded, there are quite a few boats on moorings, it is worth seeing. However, there's lots of money on North Haven and it has been my experience that it is not all that accommodating to a dinghy cruiser.

Following an initial false landing at a private dock, we located the public landing. It was a nice spacious float, but there weren't any toilets and signs told us to keep our trash. Feeling a chill in the air, we didn't stay long.

Earlier that morning I had entertained hopes of running down the side of North Haven and then turning east to traverse the Fox Islands Thorofare. The Thorofare, which



The public landing at Pulpit Harbor.

runs between North Haven and Vinalhaven Islands, had made for an enjoyable passage at times in the past.

Except that once we were back outside Pulpit Harbor and headed for Stand-in-Point, that long jutting finger of land that needs to be rounded in order to enter the Thorofare, the wind showed little improvement. It became clear that my earlier hopes were dashed.

Rowing the Wayfarer

With its 6' beam and loaded for a cruise, the Wayfarer is not fun to row, it is work. A typical excuse for wanting to row is, "I need some exercise!" Whenever I have another person with me, I prefer both of us to be on the oars rather than taking turns.

My reasons are: a) with both persons sitting side by side on the thwart the boat remains level, there isn't a helmsman sitting to one side heeling the boat which can be irritating; b) the oar handles need not extend as far inboard, allowing more of the oar to be in the water; and c) though I raise the boom above head height, by scandalizing the main (taking up on the reefing clew line) the boom and mainsheet are less bothersome while rowing side by side.

The centerboard is raised partway to reduce drag, yet still acts as a skeg, helping to keep the run of the boat straight; and to keep from constantly having to tweak the tiller, I raise the rudder blade as well. An ideal oar length is about 10', but that requires a two-piece construction. I prefer a single-piece oar. 8' oars are too short to obtain a good stroke in the water and soon become tiring.

My lightweight spruce oars are slightly less than 9' long, which is the clearance between the forward and aft bulkheads. They perform well. *Blue Mist*, being a woody, has more room beneath the side decks than a GRP boat, which allows me to stow the oars above the thwart; that way they are much easier to get at in a hurry than if they are stowed on the floor.

"OK, let's give it up and head for Long Cove on Vinalhaven. If we can get across the bar at the far end, it is pretty and secluded," I proposed to Dennis. But as time dragged on and the sun got lower, the wind became weaker. Eventually we were on the oars again. It was getting to be late afternoon and we still faced the prospect of a one-and-a-half to two-mile stint to get through a couple of windless, narrow passages. That was too much.

Resorting to Plan C, we opted for the much nearer Crockett Cove, not the ideal location, being more open and dotted with houses, but we were nevertheless relieved to be anchored. I was more than ready for a bottle of beer, some dinner and a glass of wine. The drudgery of a day of painfully slow sailing/rowing had been wearing, we had covered only 13nm.

Our goal was to be back for haulout at

Tenants Harbor before noon Sunday so we hoped to re-cross Penobscot Bay on Saturday and to position ourselves for a short sail on the final morning. The weather forecast was excellent. A weak cold front was projected to pass through the region during the day, but there would be few clouds and little noticeable effect. Some time during the evening the wind would shift to the north at 20 knots. There was nothing to trigger any alarm.

Saturday, September 5, 2009: Things looked vastly better in the morning. An inspiring southerly breeze kicked up small whitecaps out on the Thorofare, motivating us to get moving. Crockett Cove was much too built up for us to go ashore. "Let's run up the Thorofare to the town of North Haven for our morning break," I suggested. I recalled that there was a general store with pay toilets and a shower.

The run into North Haven was fast and fun, until, "Ease! Dennis! Ease!" I yelled. Caught by surprise, I couldn't help myself. An unexpected gust had rolled *Blue Mist*'s lee rail a little too low for my comfort. Dennis, who seemed to be enjoying the excitement, probably wasn't pleased with me.

Landing at the dinghy sailing club where I had been before, we had our pick of spots. The well appointed facility is large, boasting a number of floats. The club supports a strong youth sailing program in the summer, I recall. Now, however, it being late in the season, there were only a handful of boats and people on the docks. We were welcome to tie up.

The picturesque village hadn't changed appreciably from my last visit, which was maybe six or seven years ago, except it seemed touristier and, to our disappointment, the quaint old general store was no longer there. All that remained was a decrepit, falling-down building on the old coal dock, long ago abandoned.

After some searching we happened upon nice bathrooms at the ferry terminal ticket office. The modern looking terminal appeared to be new and was bustling with passengers. I'm not sure what the woman selling tickets thought about us two scruffy-looking salts with our week-old beards. The fancy breakfast places were tempting, but we decided it was time for us to move on.

By the time we reached the fairway buoy marking the mid-channel shipping lane in Penobscot Bay, the wind was turning fickle again. Stuck in this no-mans land, we watched a big sea tug pushing a barge steam rapidly up from the south. First appearing as a dark smudge on the horizon, it was closing fast. Though we were not worried, he had us

guessing which side of us he would pass. But when he made his turn he was still half a mile away, no harm done.

A while longer and Dennis was wondering, "Think we can make Tenants Harbor? We'll be able to get an early start in the morning," he commented. To be sure, he was thinking about our renewed slow progress. Nevertheless, I remained stubborn. "No! Don't worry; the sail in the morning will be quick," I retorted.

High Island was terrific. It was an anchorage at the north end of Muscle Ridge that we had bypassed our first day out. It had long been a favorite stop of mine and I was looking forward to spending our last night there.

"Around here somewhere there's this really gorgeous sandy beach. Tom Graefe and I landed there the last time we were here." I was attempting to explain my reason for searching around in what amounted to a labyrinth of shallow backwater lagoons. Coming in, we had taken a shortcut, threading between some ledges behind the islands.

The breeze had picked up, enough so that gliding over the quiet stretches of flat water was pleasant and fun. On the other hand, the tide was almost full down and the shell strewn bottom and occasional boulders were getting too close. As we turned to the outside, in the direction of where several boats were already at anchor, the big sandbar suddenly jumped out at us. "Hurrah, there's the spot!"

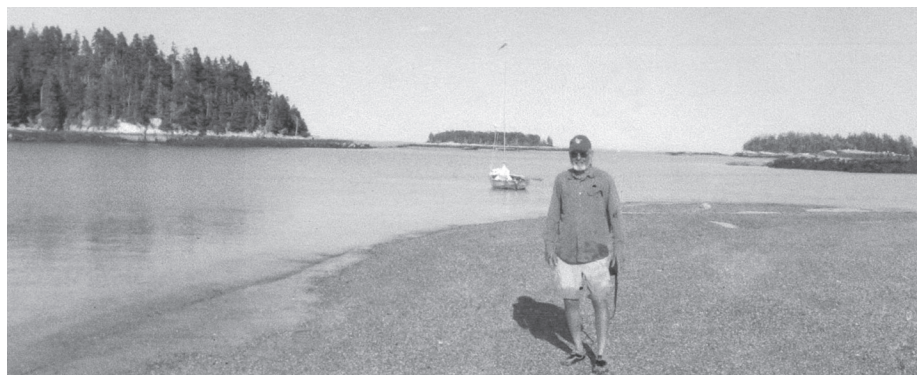
With grins on our faces, we dropped the big anchor in 2' of water and waded ashore. There aren't many beaches like this one in this part of Maine! It was still early and we had time to explore.

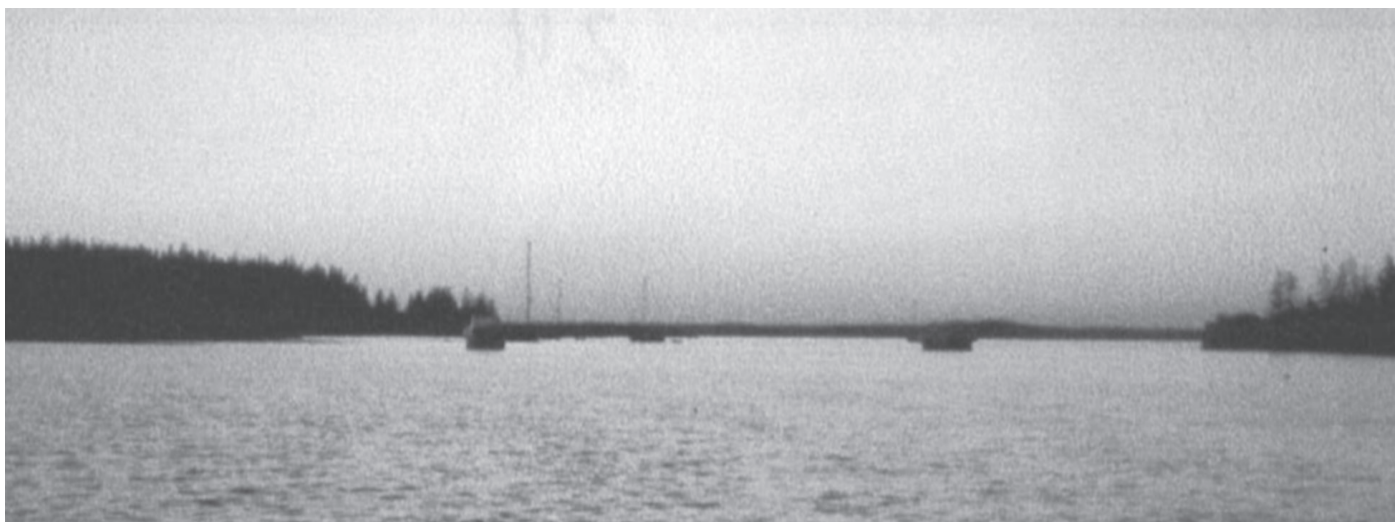
At an earlier time Tom Graefe and I had made a landing on High Island. It is an island that has been quarried. Possibly a century old, the large stone quay for loading ships still remains. In our rambling about we had stumbled across the old quarry, hidden behind tall spruce trees. It had been like discovering some ancient ruins. The waters of the quarry were so inviting that we went back to *Blue Mist* to fetch our bathing trunks.

On Birch Island beach we had company from one of the other boats, a woman in a beach chair with a sun umbrella, soaking up some sun while reading. Splitting and going in a different direction, Dennis found a sign that said "Welcome to Birch Island, No Fires Please." How great of the owners to be so open and generous! Meanwhile, I snapped more pictures, they would remind me at a later time what a remarkable place this was.

It was low tide. In the rocky, shell-laden

On the beach at Birch Island, the author takes in the beauty and ambiance of this wonderful harbor lying between Birch and High Islands.





Night falls at High Island. With us are half a dozen cruising boats anchored in deeper water.

lagoon behind the sand beach were mussels. "Hey Dennis, feel like mussels for dinner again?" I called out. His answer was affirmative! So back to the boat I went to fetch the bucket. "We're sure bringing lots of food back home with us," was Dennis' comment following dinner. Unfortunately we had, to our chagrin, completely run out of both beer and wine.

(Later, when emptying out the boat. I was really "ticked" when I discovered a bottle of wine that had gotten mislaid).

Nightfall arrived blissfully, with a marvelous sunset. We had enjoyed a decent day of sailing, having covered about 15nm. Anticipating a restful night's sleep, we turned in, dreaming about making an early departure in the morning. What a surprise we were in for!

From a sound sleep in the middle of the night, I was abruptly jolted wide awake. A few moments passed and again *Blue Mist* made a hard, bone jarring lurch as a wave loudly slapped her side next to my ear. The awkward rolling motion of the boat was uncomfortable. Forward beneath the foredeck, something was banging against the hull. It must be the horn dangling from its pendant, I concluded. My brain was racing, trying to comprehend what was happening.

Dennis was quiet, there was no snoring. Was he awake, too? *Blue Mist* continued her painfully wrenching roll. I felt bad for my boat and the banging was bugging me. There was no chance of going back to sleep.

The wind had picked up. I could hear the surf pounding the shore on the other side of the island. Ah, yes, it was the north wind that had been predicted! Slipping the edge of the boom tent over the corner of the transom, I could see waves, but nothing alarming. But from the direction of the other boats I saw a spotlight and heard loud voices. Someone over there seemed to be having a problem of some kind. This added to my anxiety.

Unzipping my sleeping bag, I climbed forward, over the thwart and piles of gear, while trying not to slip and land upon Dennis. Secured, the horn stopped its banging. As far as I could tell by peering out the front windows, it didn't appear that *Blue Mist* was swinging excessively on the anchor rode. Nevertheless, it was clear that she was coming broadside to the waves, with an occasional wave nasty enough to knock her on her beam's end. I surmised that there might be a wash coming from around the island.

Thinking of Margaret Dye's writing in her book *Dinghy Cruising*, I recalled an episode where she and Frank endured a similar unpleasant experience. A strong tidal current had held *Wanderer* askew to the waves. It had been very uncomfortable. Frank had contrived some form of a bridle, a line attached to the anchor rode and running aft, to force *Wanderer* to point into the waves. Frank was a genius when it came to things like that.

Convinced we might be in a comparable situation, with the tide and wind at odds and trying to push us in different directions, I decided to experiment by putting the board down. Remarkably, that made an improvement, though I don't know exactly why. Soon, however, the board started to emit an unhappy creaking sound. Jamming a thin rubber protective pad I keep in the anchor bucket between of the top of the slot and the board fixed that problem. Feeling better, but mentally worn out, I fell back to sleep.

In the morning Dennis revealed he had indeed been awake throughout the ordeal. He was as mystified as I was. What, if anything, occurred on the other boat that night, I don't know, possibly it was an anchor dragging. Normally sleeping on *Blue Mist* is as peaceful and gentle as rocking in a cradle. I've been through some severe storms that created rough, unpleasant conditions, but nothing quite like that. It's another example of the tricks that wind and tide can play upon would-be dinghy cruisers, I guess.

Sunday, September 6, 2009: It was pleasant, cooler with clouds and sun. We quickly forgot about that brief, stressful

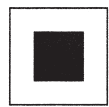
period during the night. The cruise was ending, but certainly not disappointingly so. Outside the anchorage an invigorating north wind, though no longer blowing 20 knots, had whitecaps rolling down Muscle Ridge channel. The trip into Tenants Harbor would be fast and a blast.

Breakfast could wait until we got in. We would celebrate by partaking of a real breakfast at the Farmers Restaurant. I didn't think a reef was necessary since it would be downwind the whole way. Showing great kindness to the "old-man," Dennis suggested I take first turn on the helm. In return, I promised him the helm once we were abreast of the Whitehead Island Light.

This was one of our best sails of the week and a terrific finish to a great cruise. A bone in her teeth, *Blue Mist* planed down the backside of an occasional nice sea. It was nothing scary, but I felt compelled to keep a close eye on the top of the main. We didn't want to chance an accidental jibe and broach.

Too soon Dennis had us at the town landing next to the launch ramp. Dennis had had his Garmin keeping track of our progress throughout the cruise, tallying up our miles. "What's it say?" I asked. "Almost 130nm," he replied. Not too bad, considering everything, we agreed.

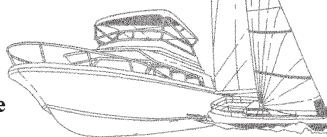
Later, at the launch ramp while pulling out *Blue Mist*, we bumped into several kayakers preparing to head out. Himself a kayaker, Dennis advised, "It's a little rough out there today!" he said. They didn't seem fazed, but inwardly, I felt Dennis was telling me that he had had a great time.



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In 1960, when Blondie Hasler and Francis Chichester first decided to race single-handed across the Atlantic, they discussed radio transmitters. They decided that if they needed help, they should “die like gentlemen.”

Back in the ‘50s, when I was a boy, my parents owned a Bill Hand-designed motor-sailer built in the Bahamas. They would pack up their three boys and set off into the unknown heading toward the Bahamas, no Coast Guard and a radio that almost never worked, was filled with tubes and was the size of a small table. In later years, after we boys were off to boarding school, they signed on Blunt and Marion White as crew for their boat *Lucayo* and sailed to the Dry Tortugas. I was busy with other things, but I had a vague memory of their trip.

Last summer, Kevin MacDonald and I were sailing buddies in the Southern Chesapeake, mostly side by side, in boats that we had built. In the Chesapeake afternoon chop I often envied the comparative luxury of Kevin’s Marsh Cat, *Little T*, with its greater freeboard and luxury accommodations.

We had a favorite cruising ground based around Crisfield. There are many nearby destinations, Winona, Deal Island, Smith Island, Tangier, Manokin River and Fishing Bay. We racked up many miles. We often paused at Janes Island campground in Crisfield for an occasional shower and some well-cooked seafood between trips. Our outings sometimes swelled to flotilla size and then shrank to just two boats as friends came and went according to work and family schedule.

This winter Kevin had some vacation time that had to be used in February and he proposed a trip. I leapt at the chance to go south in his boat, way south. I suggested the Dry Tortugas, 70 miles west of Key West with a welcoming National Park of Fort Jefferson, best known as the Civil War era prison of the doctor, Samuel Mudd.



One of the major attractions of that particular destination for me was that a third of the way out lay an atoll-like group of islands, the Marquesas, that would provide a perfect pit stop. The name itself was enough for me. In my imagination I was halfway to Tahiti. We could split the trip into two legs out and two legs back with rest stops in between, open water with a moderate degree of challenge.

Christmas brought a chart book for Kevin and a SPOT satellite transmitter for me. My brother gave me a foam cone-shaped damage control plug for any round holes we might make in the hull. It came along but remained untried. We planned a two-man open boat trip but I made a cardinal error.

Forgetting that it was January and a slow news day in many peoples’ sailing schedule, I shot a query to the “People and Places” sec-

Small Boat Sailing in the 21st Century

By Mick Wick

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

tor of the *WoodenBoat* forum. In response to the law of unintended consequences, the response was immediate and dramatic. Lots of hits and lots of advice was given, sometimes absorbed and sometimes rejected. We took on many virtual companions. Our crew list grew beyond our expectations.

Put yourself in the shoes of well meaning forum regulars. Two unknowns hatch an idea for what could be a dangerous commitment and ask if it is a good idea. It’s a dilemma. You don’t exactly rush to the keyboard and type out in Calibri 14 “YOU GO, GIRL.” There are thrill seekers out there already. Hugh Horton had made it to the Marquesas in his Bufflehead, but not all sailors have the skills of Hugh Horton.

What if our real purpose for entering the forum was to seek confirmation of a way out of a bad idea, not encouragement? Forumites probably knew that we are both builders, but skill saw and router skills don’t count much when it comes to encounters with deep blue Gulf Stream rocks.

The best advice we got from the forumites was from “Breakaway”. He advised us to formalize the decision making process by choosing a point on each leg where we would review the forecast and make a final decision about a crossing, “go forward or go back.”

This routine minimized our chances of exposure to a sudden change of weather or circumstances and reduced the chance we would be saying, “If only we called it point of no return”, so we chose Halfmoon Shoal on the way west and Rebecca Shoal on the way east. We listened to the weather, still audible beyond the Marquesas, and asked ourselves and each other “should we keep going?” As it turned out, both ways the forecasts were encouraging and we chose to keep going.

We had a two week vacation and lots of supplies which allowed us time for waiting out our weather window at each of the four legs in Man ‘O War Harbor, Key West, Moonie Harbor, Marquesas or Garden Key Anchorage, Dry Tortugas. As luck turned out, the best weather was right at the beginning. We sped out and back quickly and had several days leftover at the end of the trip to tour the lower Keys, north and south of Route 1.



Safety in a small catboat is never absolute. Preparation is the key. Safety starts with a sound and seaworthy boat. Marsh Cats were designed by Joel White to be just that. Kevin had built strength in every rib and plank. She rode a little low with crew, supplies and

water but she has generous freeboard, decks, washboards and coamings that turned away most of the spray and water.

We had two muck buckets for emergency de-watering (they are faster than pumps). Dry bags for gear and electronics double as buoyancy bags when securely fastened to the ribs. We had redundancy in GPS and VHF, flares, of course, and the SPOT transmitter.

We had practiced capsize drills in smaller boats and felt that we should be able to survive every emergency. No small boat voyage is completely without danger but we felt that by waiting for our weather window, we would get out of it all right.

Kevin drives hard. We made a quick trailer leg and launched in haste to grab the fair weather while it lasted. We said our cell phone “goodbyes” and activated the SPOT. Without a WiFi connection we had little idea how many on the forum were watching our every step.

Stalwart supervisors were John Boone, Phil Maynard, John Bell, Steve Brookman, “Marshcat”, Dave Brown and Thad. They were reading our updates, the forecasts from Key West and the weather observations from sea buoys off Sand Key and Loggerhead Key and they were sharing the information with everybody on the forum. Unlike the early OSTAR, we weren’t alone anymore. Not in 2012.

As I write this, it is my turn to haunt the web. I watch the Everglades Challenge and fellow forumite John Bell in his Core Sound 17 *Bandiloop*. Scott Widmeir in his PD racer capsized off Venice and he activated his SPOT. He self-rescued and immediately turned it off again, but lots of us still knew about his dilemma.

I appreciate how lucky we were with our weather. Had we chosen early March instead of February, we would have strained our supplies and our weather windows. SPOT, EPIRB, VHF, GPS and drysuits all help us in a bad situation and we have lost much our opportunity to “die like gentlemen.” I’m glad. I doubt my gentlemanly commitment.

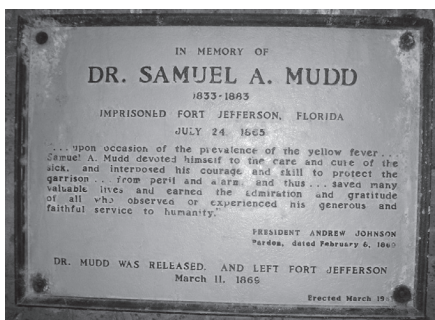
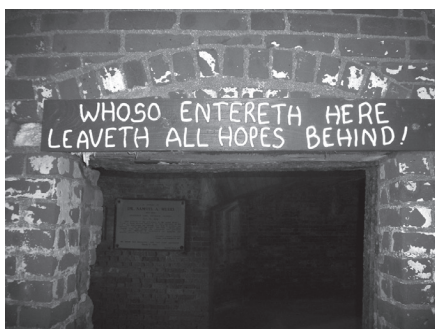
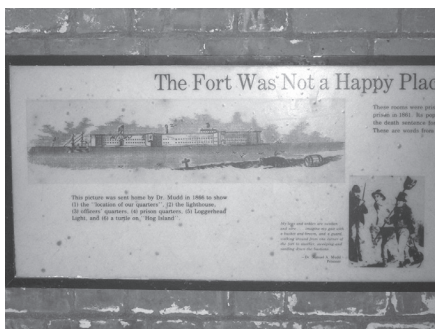
Arriving at the Marquesas.





A Look Around Ft Jefferson

“The Fort Was Not a Happy Place”



After rowing my 8' dinghy last season, which I could still cartop alone and carry short distances on foot "turtle backing" it, I set my sights on using my neglected 10' Hunter Liberty tender. This beauty, which I call a dory, weighed in at around 100lbs. Some years back it took two of us to lift it onto the minivan's roof racks, but even then it was a shaky maneuver.

I bought a used boat trailer, small yet still too large for such a little boat. When I backed it into the water the boat was still sitting rather inconveniently high and dry, meaning I had to get in the water and splash around to wrestle it off its bunks. That is so, so lubberly...

So I bought a compact, fat-tired, two-wheeled boat dolly on which one could balance a small boat and practiced using it in the driveway. I pulled the dory off the trailer until I could lower it on its balance point and toolled it around the yard like a big wheelbarrow easily enough. I won't even have to expose my trailer to water. Just exit the mother ship and rocket down the boat ramp with this little utility pod.

On a beautiful Sunday in August I tried it out at the new boat ramp on the Upper Mystic Lake in Medford (MA). A doubtful voice in my head wondered why, oh why, would I go to such a popular ramp on one of the busiest boating days of the year to test this untried launching idea? I've been known for getting into complications and entertaining the locals with my "ramp drama."

Could I control the descent heading down the steep ramp balancing 100bs on two small wheels? How would I get the boat from the water back onto the dolly when I was done? Would I be able to push this load back up a slippery ramp? The dolly came with no instructional video. Well, I sighed, there will be complications. I will just have to nimbly problem-solve "in situ," while restless fishermen with their boats and trailers stack up in the parking lot, waiting for Cap'n Chuckles to get 'er done.

The launch went OK. I came trotting out of the parking lot with my big wheelbarrow like a crazed farmer and did a somewhat (hairy) controlled descent down the ramp. And soon I was off rowing on sparkling Mystic Lake. Formed above a dam on the Mystic River that flows into Boston Harbor, the Mystic takes its name from the Wampanoag's "MissiTuk," meaning big tidal river. It was once described as having so many herring that one could walk across the river on their backs.

The lake seemed a magnificent spot, with the Medford Boat Club, Tufts University's Boathouse and a swimming area crowded with raucous children. As I heaved on the oars, I joined kayakers and fishermen in happy recreation. I passed spots on shore where immigrant fishermen calmly smoked cigarettes in the thoughtful repose of those waiting for something to happen, or not. What a wonderful urban oasis, I thought, yet overlooked by many.

I rowed north into a smaller lake, determined to find where the Aberjona River continues this system and see how far upriver I could go. Beautiful old Winchester estates dotted the shore on this placid basin. There were only one or two boats here and I left them behind. The water became choked with acres of invasive water chestnuts. I approached the mouth of the river and passed under a bridge into a hidden scene.

Man vs Wild Thing

By Randall Brubaker

The water smelled of sewage and seemed of a thicker viscosity; large pipes and culverts jutting from eroded banks trickled effluent into what had become nothing more than a fouled brook, littered with a few shopping carts and tires.

I also discovered the egrets and herons which sought refuge here from the bustling weekend crowds. They seemed as embarrassed to be standing around in this polluted water as I was to find them in this condition. Later, I learned the Aberjona River flows through the W.R. Grace Superfund site, featured in the book and movie *A Civil Action*, and that the waters of the Aberjona and Mystic had been subjected to industrial strength pollutants for over 100 years. My feelings of boating in clean Walden Pond-type waters were dashed.

The birds fussed at my intrusion and took flight, and I felt like a trespasser discovering the dirty secret they knew all along. Soon I was unable to pass under a second bridge where thin water trickled over stony rubble and so I turned to leave this neglected spot with its spoiled water flowing into the lakes.

Back at the ramp I splashed around on slick pavement, trying to lever the boat's balance point onto the dolly wheels that now seemed about the size of a roller skate's. In the parking lot car doors slammed and friendly hands came down to help the knucklehead bashing up his pretty boat. So I really didn't get to figure out how, or even if, I could retrieve the boat solo with this device, and I mean retrieve it with some decorum, without rupturing a lumbar disc.

I next wanted to try the dolly on the Sudbury River where there's an informal, unpaved ramp that the fishermen use with four-wheel drive trucks. The ramp had scared me off for fear of getting stuck in loose dirt and sand if I tried to back my trailer into the water. So, in a parking spot I pulled the dory off the trailer onto the little two-wheeler and trucked it down to the water. Soon I was pulling the bright ash oars, finding my rhythm as the boat cut a fine wake upon the river.

I never seem to get on the water until afternoon, but I like to stay out until dusk, enjoying the yellow light of sunset. When one voyages alone there can be no complaint from passengers for being hot, cold, tired, hungry, bored or bug bitten. Of course, if I suffer from any bad planning or something going awry, there's no complaint department aboard ship, it's all my learning experience.

I remember years ago reading a comment by a solo sailor racing across deep ocean. These individuals are as tough and competent as astronauts. The sailor observed, "Complaining, like laughter, is basically a social function." While rowing on this late August weekday, there could be no social function when I hadn't seen a soul all afternoon.

When I was outward bound to my estimated limit of being able to return before dark, I stopped and had a sandwich and thermos of tea. The quiet complemented the untrammelled landscape, little changed in hundreds of years, except for the absence of wildlife.

It's probably impossible in the present day to imagine how, say 500 years ago, North America utterly teemed with a diversity of all God's creatures great and small, bleached out

now, many species gone forever in our accelerating extinctions. Even in the pristine scenery of this river there were signs posted not to eat the fish because of high levels of mercury.

I set to work pulling homeward against a gentle current. When I was about halfway back, from the corner of my eye something monstrous caught my attention. Stunned, I used the oars to brake the boat. Over in a shallow backwater was a mysterious writhing creature, surely in its death throes.

The sun was now low in the sky, casting long shadows over the water. Sometime in late August there can be a moment when we realize the zenith of summer is past, the foliage grown topheavy and sagging, the lush greens burned brown by the hot sun, the sunsets coming distinctly earlier. Soon the days will cool and the brisk winds of fall will arrive.

My solitude and distance from home pressed in on me. The unknown chore of loading my boat lay ahead, and if I miscalculated, would be complicated by darkness. Yet my gaze was fixed and my boat adrift. In the shallows by the riverbank, a large organic mass with slow, unearthly movements gave me a lonely shiver of anxiety.

The thing was so alien looking, could it have plunged from outer space? Had the mercury in the water mutated a life form into this grotesquerie? Is some freakish, wretched thing injured and drowning that I should try to rescue? Is something tragic happening here that I should report to a ranger?

The pleasure of my rowing was erased by the appearance of this drowning defilement, and I was sure I wanted no part of it. However, my meddlesome, questing temperament overcame my revulsion. Using the Buddhist meditation of breathing in the other's pain and breathing out compassion, I slowly rowed towards it, stern first, "It" being about the size of a big, wobbling garbage can lid turned on edge and half sunk, with small dinosaur-like appendages moving in ineffectual agony.

As I drew closer I was astonished (and relieved) to find a 3' turtle clamped on the back of a somewhat smaller turtle, flipped on their sides, half out of the water, showing me the bottoms of their shells. The big one was gripping the smaller one, whose primitive, stubby legs struggled in futility. Both their heads were underwater. Were they in some kind of territorial death match? I put the tip of an oar against a shell and gave a tentative push.

The big one lifted his head out of the water, opened his eyes, rolled back a waterproof membrane and made eye contact with me, all in an unhurried, deliberate manner.

Hey, I wondered, you don't suppose these turtles are, uh... you know... making with some "afternoon delight?" 'Cause, heck, I got no clue how turtles get it on, but one animal IS mounted on the back of another in the wild kingdom's classic missionary position... hmmm.

With my dawning enlightenment, I began quietly pulling away. But the romantic moment was spoiled and the amorous pair splashed beneath the water. Gad, these saucy turtles must have been having mad sex to be so crash landed in the shallows.

But before I could make a clean getaway, the big stud boldly surfaced in my wake and gave me a good goddamn looking over, then angrily splashed out of sight. Before I got too anthropomorphic, let's just say I got the feeling it would not be a good time for me to take a little swim.

I got back to the ramp at twilight and thrashed around with the dolly, somehow loading up without injury. I was distracted by my encounter with the turtles, and how a white man on the hero's quest to make the world a better place, can be just another clueless, narcissistic intruder.

Addendum: Wild Man vs. Thing

This story brings to mind another wild-life encounter when I again have had second thoughts about my response. Years ago, I trailered a sailboat to Cape Hatteras for a family reunion. Sara and I arranged an extra week for sailing on Pamlico Sound. One scorching hot afternoon Sara declined sailing for the beach. I sailed out alone and, when well out in the sound, put the sloop on a long tack to the south. The forecast was sweltering Carolina sun relieved with a steady 10-12 knots of wind. Perfect!

When sailing there can be a kind of sensory deprivation, at least of those senses used in our daily routines of work, driving a car or being at the computer and TV screen. Boat-ing engages other senses; one is exposed to

the elements; the motion of the boat through wind and water demands agility and stimulates different balance mechanisms; our eyes focus out to the horizon; we breathe and smell vigorous sea air. After a few hours on the water I'm in a somewhat altered state.

On this day I've trimmed my salty little sloop so it's balanced and self-steering with the aid of an adjustable bungee cord. This feat delights me all out of proportion to the actual achievement. I'm sitting forward propped up against the cabin bulkhead, relaxing into the heat. I'm watching some shimmering islands on the horizon and occasionally glancing at the chart. Can I sail to them in an afternoon? Ahh, but I'm detached from an outcome, possessed of that magic feeling of "no place to be." Just sail on, little sloop.

Suddenly, a stowaway grasshopper pops out of the cabin and lands on my forearm. He's a fine, strapping 4" Carolina specimen, probably desiring some sun and fresh air, and perhaps some companionship?

If I'd had any shred of affinity for the natural world, I could have hung out with a 300-million-year-old evolutionary designed creature

that predates birds, truly a Darwinian success story. The little vegetarian wasn't going to bite me. Right under my nose I could have examined this bold citizen of the insect world who is surely weirder than anything George Lucas could create. Maybe we would even commune in the delirious heat; I'd ask him if he thinks humans can make it another 100 years.

But a big wallop of neural transmission was already discharging in my spinal column and heading for the adrenal medulla. My motor response to my new friend was about as poised as if someone had snuck up behind me and drove a cattle prod into the back of my neck. I guess I'm not as relaxed as all that when sailing alone offshore. It would have made a great viral video, especially seen in slow motion.

Fortunately, in the excitement, Mr Grasshopper landed back in the cabin and I was able to safely return him to dry land, giving us a last chance to converse. I apologized for my lack of social graces aboard ship. He never looked back, but was heard to respond, "White peoples sho' is crazy, 'specially a damn Northerner."



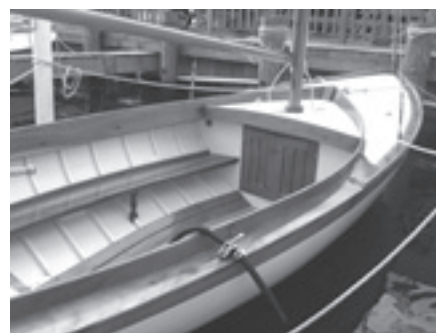
A Pretty Little Wooden Sloop

By Brian Salzano

A pretty little wooden sloop just showed up one day in my marina. No idea who the owner might be, but it is such a lovely little craft I felt compelled to snap a few photos in order to share them with the readership. Don't know anything about it or I would write a few words, but in this case I think the pictures by themselves are plenty. The name is hard to make out. It's the *Lark*.



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In 1939, after having graduated from high school in 1938, my first job was for an optical company and I was paid \$10 a week for 44 hours of work. Of course, the nominal \$10 became only \$9 and change when Social Security tax was deducted. My second job, later that year, was with Kollsman Instrument Company, who manufactured aircraft altimeters and other types of aircraft instruments.

My father was a member of the New York Liederkrantz Society, a German singing society, and he sang in their chorus. Paul Kollsman, the founder and owner of the company, sang with my father in the chorus as well, and through this connection I landed the job. Now I was being paid the really magnificent sum of 40¢/hour, with time and a half for overtime! That was \$16 a week for a 40-hour work week and much more when I added the overtime pay! Talk about suddenly being wealthy!

From my time spent in Germany in the fall of 1938, I had become familiar with the Klepper foldboats. Foldboats were long, slender, double-ended kayaks. The outer skin was made of a rubberized fabric, the inside frame of the boat consisted of a wooden ladder frame as the keel to which cross frames were attached. The shape was further defined by wooden dowels with sockets that fitted into one another.

First assembled was the bow section, then the stem section, and then each was slipped into the hull skin which was unrolled and was laying on the ground. The keel sections were then locked in place. This tensioned the whole hull and now all that had to be done was put in the cockpit coaming around the cockpit, add the backrests and the seats, put the two halves of the paddle together and the boat was ready for action.

All the foldboat pieces were contained in two bags. A large knapsack contained the folded up skin, the frames and the seats, while a long duffel bag contained all the remaining wooden parts of the boat. One person could easily carry it. The knapsack had shoulder straps so that it could be carried it on one's back. Then the long bag was placed on a shoulder and the foldboat could then be carried for considerable distances. It was the ideal apartment yacht because it fit in a closet when not in use.

I started working for Kollsman Instrument Company in the fall of 1939 and by June 1940 I had saved enough money to buy myself a new two-seat foldboat. My first trips were on the Hudson River. I got on the IRT subway line at 72nd Street and Broadway and took the subway to Dyckman Street, which was really 200th Street. Then I would walk from the subway station down to the Dyckman Street ferry terminal and take the ferry across the Hudson River to Palisades Park, on the New Jersey side of the river.

There, on the beach at Palisades Park, I would assemble the foldboat, put the boat in the water and, depending on the direction of the tidal flow, I would either paddle north toward Yonkers or head south. The kayak was very easy to paddle and quite fast.

Later that summer during a vacation shutdown of the Kollsman plant I took the foldboat to Lake George in upstate New York to go on a camping paddling trip. The train station at Lake George Village was almost at the shore of the lake. After a very short walk to the water's edge, I assembled the foldboat and then paddled up to the middle of Lake George for several miles to where there are a series of islands. I had a campsite on one of

Youthful Foldboat Experiences

By Conbert H. Benneck

the islands; had a small one-man tent, cooked my meals, explored the area in the boat and enjoyed the solitude that was available on Lake George at that time.

While working, I continued using the foldboat during the summer months on the Hudson River and on further trips to Lake George. Paddling a foldboat was excellent physical exercise and a lot of fun.

However, now let me introduce you to a word that keeps recurring in a sailor's vocabulary. That word is... "but". Allow me show you how that word will keep cropping up in this narrative and how it leads a sailor in different directions. Where I am today is the result of a succession of "buts" which all influenced the course of my boating life.

In my case, I found that I was paddling my two-seater foldboat almost always by myself. My original idea was that I needed a two-seater in order to take a girlfriend paddling with me, but that really never panned out. Either I didn't have a girlfriend, the usual cause, or if I did have one, they weren't interested in going paddling in the dirty Hudson River water. In the late 1930s, the Hudson River was the open sewer system for all the communities from Albany to the sea. Every toilet that was flushed from north of Albany went into, and down, the Hudson and eventually out to sea.

So my original foldboat idea was good, but... it was too big and too heavy to carry if I was only going out by myself, but... what I really found I needed was a single seat foldboat that would weigh less to carry around and that fit my solo operating requirements in a better fashion.

I mentioned this to my father, who in turn mentioned it to his chorus friends at the New York Liederkrantz Society, and soon a club member told him, "I have an old worn out Klepper single seat racing foldboat that you can have. The skin is shot. Assemble it once, add a coat of paint and it may hold up for a summer or two." I picked up the single-seater from its owner, assembled it and discovered I had just become the owner of a magnificent new boat. Now I owned two foldboats.

The racing Klepper was very narrow and "tippy" but once I became acquainted with it, oh, could it fly! I had to learn to fine tune my gluteus maximus to maintain my equilibrium. It moved so effortlessly that I had only to dip the lower tips of the paddle blades in the water to reach hull speed. If, for some reason I really started to exert myself and leaned into the paddle, I could almost make it leap out of the water with each stroke. It was pure fun to paddle.

Many times I would assemble the foldboat on the beach in Palisades Park and then paddle back home, down the Hudson River to the 79th Street Boat Basin where I would disassemble the boat, put the bags on my shoulders and walk home to 69th Street.

Having explored Lake George several times, on my next vacation in 1942 I wanted to try something else. My plan was to paddle down the upper part of the Hudson River from Newcomb, New York, to North Creek, New York, through Adirondack Park. When I got to Newcomb, a town that was only a wide spot in

the road in those days, I assembled my large, two seat foldboat, loaded it up with my gear and supplies and started paddling down the upper part of the Hudson River. At Newcomb the Hudson River is between 30' to 50' wide, very shallow and is filled with large boulders.

Late that afternoon I found a nice campsite at the side of the river, pulled the foldboat up on the river bank, set up my one-man tent, made dinner and then watched the sun go down. During the night it started to rain. It then rained continuously for two days. I could just barely sit in the tent, or sit under a flap in front of the tent, but if I moved beyond those boundaries I would get soaking wet. I had neither a transistor radio nor iPod for entertainment, those devices were only invented many years later, nor did cell phones exist at that time. I was totally out of contact with my parents and nobody knew where I was.

As the rain continued, local wildlife came and visited me. Deer would browse right in front of my tent and my presence didn't startle them in the least. I was in their territory and they accepted me as another forest resident. Skunks waddled by occasionally waving their long bushy black and white striped tails, raccoons came visiting in the evening; birds sang their songs. It was idyllic, if it wasn't for all that continuous rain. Won't it ever stop?

Finally, when I awoke one morning there was no sound of raindrops on the tent. I looked outside. The sun was shining. All was well with the world again and my trip down river could finally continue. I rolled up the tent and stowed it in its little bag. I stuffed my down sleeping bag into its little bag, loaded everything into the foldboat and headed downstream on the next leg of my trip.

After several hours of paddling I came to a clearing in the woods, which was a lumber camp. I stopped at the camp, got out of the foldboat to stretch my legs and met the lumberjacks. They were wondering what I was doing on "their" river, and I was interested to see what all those long stacks of cut wood were all about.

The foreman of the camp, a short, wiry French Canadian whose name was Napoleon Thibadeaux, a musical sounding name that I still remember, invited me to join them for lunch, an invitation I gladly accepted. During lunch Napoleon asked me what I was trying to do and where was I headed? I told him my downstream destination was the town of North Creek, New York. Napoleon slowly shook his head. He told me that the water in the Hudson River further downstream, where the stream got wider, was very low, and I would have great difficulty finding enough water to paddle in. As he described it to me, I'd be wading in the stream trying to pull my foldboat between, or over, all the rocks.

Napoleon explained that he was short of manpower and why didn't I, in view of the water conditions further downstream, join their crew and work until the end of my vacation, at which time they would transport the boat and me back to Newcomb, New York. I could get back to New York City from there.

With such a discouraging view of my planned Hudson river paddling expedition by the local "experts," I couldn't paddle in a river if there was no water, so I accepted Napoleon's job offer and became an employee of the Finch & Pruyn Lumber Company for the remaining days of my vacation.

The Finch & Pruyn crew I had joined cut pulp cord wood for the paper mills in North

Creek, New York. During the spring, summer and fall they would cut pine trees, trim off the branches and the bark and then they would be cut into 4' lengths and stacked in long rows. The lead man, Napoleon Thibadeaux, earned the most money of the crew because he was paid by the number of cords of wood he cut per day. A cord of wood is a pile 4' high, the wood pieces are 4' long and the pile is 8' long. Napoleon cut several cords of wood per day using only a hand operated bow saw.

I have a photograph from that trip where Napoleon is standing on top of the woodpile he had cut in one day, it was an awesome quantity of wood and a tremendous physical performance by one man.

With all the wood cut and stacked by late fall, the lumberjacks were paid off and nothing happened again until after snow had fallen in winter. When the snow was deep enough, the stacked cordwood was skidded to the edge of the Hudson River. When the spring snow melt runoff started, all this wood was dumped into the fast flowing Hudson, where the rushing river water transported it downstream to the North Creek paper mills. There the paper companies gathered in the pulp wood and processed it into rolls of newsprint.

Before I could start working there I had to get proper clothes and boots from their commissary, as well as long sleeved shirts and a hat to counter the gnats/mosquitoes/no-see-ums that abound in the woods in summertime. The camp had a kitchen/dining room. There was also a bunkhouse where we slept. Our day began at dawn. After a quick wash up, it was off for breakfast.

In the dining room my place at the table had a large dinner plate, a large soup bowl, plus knives, forks and spoons. The table was piled high with food, food in such immense quantities that I, as a normal person, couldn't imagine. The cook asked how many eggs did I want? Two, three, six, more? Sunny side up or scrambled? With bacon/ham/sausage links/sausage patties or all of the above? Then there was oatmeal, cold cereal, rolls, bread, butter, jam and marmalade, warmed up pork chops left over from last night's meal, or would I rather have a steak to go with my eggs, a small, medium or large steak?

The large soup bowl was used for eating cereal and was also used for drinking coffee. At lunch time, there was another huge mound of food on the table. The evening meal was more of the same. Pork chops, ham steaks, beef steaks, chicken, mashed potatoes, vegetables (at least three different types), brown gravy, dessert and coffee. I have never seen so much food being put away by a single person, as those lumberjacks did. It was awesome to watch. But after physically working hard all morning, and then working equally hard all afternoon it became understandable.

I was assigned to work with a man who was 66 years old and I was instructed to do what he told me to do. He could do more work with one hand tied behind his back at his age than I could do with both hands and my 21-year-old body. I now rapidly learned what hard physical work really was all about.

We had a radio at the bunkhouse. That was the sole entertainment we had and our only source for what was happening in the outside world. After dinner the time was spent sharpening tools before we went to bed as the sun started to set.

Napoleon hand filed each of his many saw blades for his bow saw. The faster he

could cut the tree trunks, that were about 10" in diameter or less, the more money he earned per day. The others sharpened their axes and bow saw blades as well.

At the end of my vacation time Napoleon had one of his men drive me to Newcomb, New York, through the woods. After a train ride on the New York Central Railroad, I was finally back in New York City, having had a marvelous "paddling" vacation with a nice large paycheck in my pocket as my upper Hudson River paddling trip souvenir.

One day a Columbia University friend invited me to his weekend house in Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey. He suggested that I bring my foldboat and we could go paddling on a local river. Normally I rode out to Ho-Ho-Kus on my BMW motorcycle. How could I ride the motorcycle and carry my foldboat at the same time became the problem. My answer to that question was to build a small trailer for the foldboat that I could attach to the BMW. I had bought a small two-wheel dolly that was used to move the foldboat from an assembly point to the water's edge, but it wasn't really a trailer.

I did a bit of improvising as to how to attach this dolly to the motorcycle and how to fasten the whole foldboat package to the dolly (and no, I didn't have any tail lights or brake lights). When I had finished, my setup looked good. After driving once around the block with the fully loaded dolly/trailer, I was satisfied that it worked.

Friday afternoon I donned my white coveralls, my white cloth helmet, my aviator goggles, fired up the BMW with attached trailer and took off driving up Riverside Drive to the George Washington Bridge. I crossed the Hudson on a practically empty bridge. In those days there wasn't very much vehicular traffic on the bridge, a car here and a car there and lots of empty pavement ahead and behind were all I encountered. Seeing the traffic on the George Washington Bridge today, two decks full of bumper to bumper cars and fully loaded 18-wheeler trucks going in both directions, and my description of what the bridge looked like prewar seems like an impossible scene.


After crossing the Hudson on the bridge, I reached the toll booth on the New Jersey side, and stopped to pay my 25¢ motorcycle toll. The toll booth operator took one look at my motorcycle with trailer and hit his panic button. It alerted all the other toll collectors, who came out of their toll booths to see what the problem was. My toll booth operator pointed to the motorcycle and then pointed to my trailer. His list of toll charges had no charge listed for a motorcycle + trailer. A car + trailer had a toll charge listed, so his problem was, what does he charge me for the motorcycle + trailer?

Meanwhile, all westbound traffic on the George Washington Bridge had come to a complete stop while the problem I was causing was being resolved. As the other toll booth operators stood around looking at this apparition, one asked, "How heavy is the trailer?" I said, "about 75 to 80 pounds." He said, "Hey guys, grab the trailer and we'll lift it over the counting strip." Four toll collectors lifted the trailer with the foldboat and walked along, as I slowly rolled the motorcycle forward over the counting strip. On the other side of the counting strip they lowered the trailer to the pavement again.

The problem was solved the easy way. I paid my 25¢ toll just for a motorcycle. The other toll takers returned to their booths. Tolls were again collected from the lined up cars and trucks and traffic started flowing westward toward New Jersey again.

Late Sunday night, driving back to New York City, I crossed the George Washington Bridge in the dark and the toll taker who took my 25¢ didn't notice I had a trailer attached to my motorcycle so there was no alarm and no traffic stoppage.

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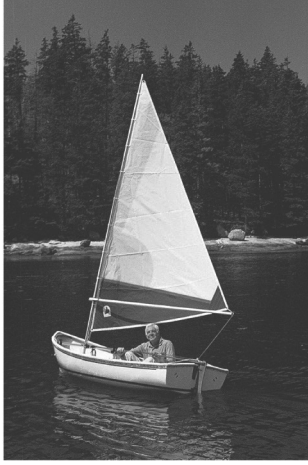


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The way that Jackie Gleason would start every TV show with the phrase, "and away we go" is a very appropriate way to start describing a Great South Bay Scooter. The history of how the scooter came into being, as I've been told, was out of necessity.

Back in the late 1800s and early 1900s, Long Island's Fire Island was only accessible by boat. At that time there were a few Coast-guard/Life Saving Stations along the beach. Two of these stations were across the bay from Bellport and Patchogue. Bellport Station was known as Whale House Point and Patchogue was Lonelyville/Watch Hill.

They were manned 24/7 365 days a year. During the winter months supplies had to be delivered to the stations when the Bay was frozen or partially frozen over. Necessity is the mother of invention. The scooter was born. The original scooters were duck boats. Someone or some group put runners on the bottoms, put on a low aspect gaff rigs and jibs to steer them. It worked. They could sail on the ice and would be able to "jump the water holes" and carry supplies to the "surf men."

Eventually the Coast Guard/Life Saving Stations were closed and the sport of scootering was born. By the way, a book was written about scootering (*The Rudderless Rig* by William Harless). I do not know if it can be obtained anymore. There never was a commercial builder of scooters; they were all homemade by really knowledgeable and fantastic craftsmen. Basically the design of the runners and their position and angles were almost all the same.

There were three designs; Harless boats were a bit larger than the Hermus and Fishman Brothers designs (William Hermus and Dave and Jesse Fishman).

Bill Harless, having an aeronautical background, designed what was called a cane rig. He laminated a Sitka spruce mast that looked like the leading edge of an airplane wing. At the top it looked like a cane. All scooter sails were made flat of heavyweight Dacron.

With the cane rig, a sail was made with a big pocket along the luff where it would be slipped over the mast and then the boom would be slipped onto the boltrope along the sail's foot. The jaws on the boom would fit snugly onto the mast so the mast and boom worked as one, causing the mast to rotate when the boom moved.

When building a scooter they would, of course, start with a frame. The South Bay Scooter Club had many jigs to enable the builders to make the frames. It was very essential that the frames be made to be very, very stiff. Most of the early scooters were built with boat nails. Eventually they loosened up. This occurred due to the pull of the jib attachment and the pull of the main sheet along with the downward force of the mast.

When the sheet was trimmed in tightly the boat would twist out of shape. The runners would now be out of alignment and it was time to start praying because only God knew where in hell one would be headed and what the end result would be. Therefore on older boats, and on newer boats, every ribbed frame had to be glued, bolted and heavily gusseted.

To keep the bowsprit (aka the horn) straight and true the backbone had to be thick oak with full-length gussets forward and aft of the cockpit. The total height of the scooter off the ice was anywhere between 8"-10" depending on how high the woods (runners) were. Some builders would laminate strips of oak together. When bolted to

Hard Water Sailing On a Great South Bay Scooter

By John Orlando

the bottom and through the frames the laminated woods would add extra stiffness to the boat. To the woods stainless steel angle irons were attached and days were spent filing to sharpen them up.

There was always competition to see who could build the best or prettiest scooter. The decks often were teak and holly or mahogany and white pine strips. The sides were white oak or mahogany. The horn could be oak and mahogany laminated together. The color contrast was beautiful. Many builders would use a chainsaw to make rough mahogany saw cuttings and sprinkle them on areas of the deck to make a non-skid surface. With many coats of gloss varnish one would have a fine piece of furniture.

Many of the scooter sailors were not soft water sailors. (Just a note: a lot of catboat sailors were also scooter sailors.) Now, how did they steer a scooter? First, scooters did not sail directly downwind, they had to be tacked downwind just like Hobie cats. The principle was to create a weather helm in the sense of keeping the main tightly trimmed, forcing the boat upwind. The jib being cut flat would be eased off and the scooter would naturally head up. Drawing the jib sheet in would counteract the weather helm and steer the boat straight or off the wind depending on how much trim.

Most of the time the mainsail would stay tightly trimmed in. The scooter could jibe and come about. All maneuvering was

done gently. It was a common occurrence to spinout when coming about or jibing. They say a scooter will sail three times faster than the wind is blowing. Spinouts and upsets were hard on the body, but were fun. The scooter club ran a lot of races when conditions were right. Scooters can't go in any snow. The snow would build up under the boat and cause a lot of stress on the rig.

Many of the rigs were ripped out because of snow, uneven tidal pressure cracks and equipment failure. Dismasting a scooter was not like the gentle dismasting of a catboat. Everything in scootering was semi-violent. It was always very cold and windy and many of the scooter sailors relied on scooter oil for body lubrication.

Scooter oil is a mixture of equal parts of port wine and brandy. Everything I ever read about alcohol consumption to keep warm said this is false. Scooter oil, when consumed in large amounts, does keep one warm, or maybe it really made one so numb that one did not feel the cold. Who knows?

I personally got involved in scootering one winter when the bay froze and a couple of my fellow ferry captains had a scooter. One day the ice off of Patchogue was the best. I went down to the bay off of a street called Grove Avenue. The manager of the ferry company, Ray DeFalco, said to come for a ride. This was back in 1966 or 1967. We took off and it was exciting. The speed was exhilarating. Feelings were unbelievable. But the clincher was when we jumped a water hole. I yelled out, "I got to have one of these."

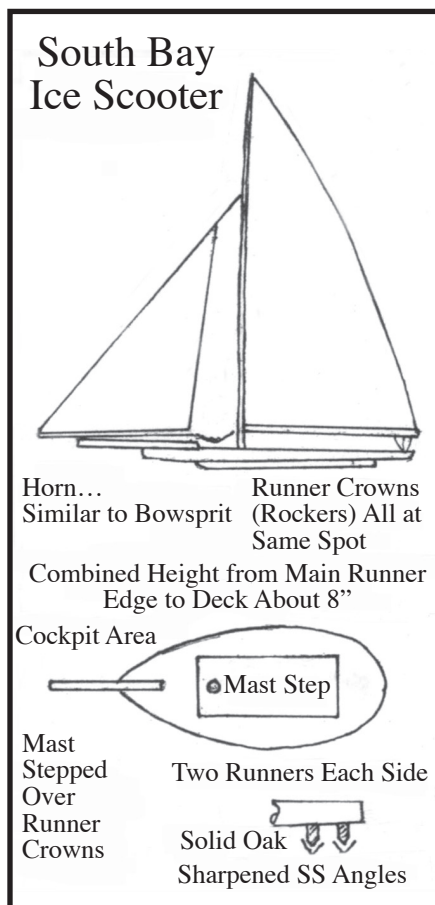
I bought an already built frame and for the next two winters I built her in my garage. (I installed a potbellied stove for heat). The next winter came and I could not wait until the ice came in. We rigged the boat and made adjustments to the rig. She sailed great. Two old timers came up to me and said, "Son, let us take her for a sail." When they returned I got a big pat on my back and Ted Everett said, "Not bad for a kid born in Brooklyn." That day I realized I was accepted as a Bellporter.

One last note, one Saturday it was cold and blustery. Only two boats were on the ice. One was owned by CBA member Knute Lee. He owned a Harless scooter. Being bigger and heavier, it could sail with about four guys pretty good. I, with a smaller Hermus boat, was not doing as well. We would sail a couple hundred yards and we would upset, throwing the crew onto the ice with the scooter spinning out and her crew sliding along the ice on our backs.

Well, finally about 2pm I said I had enough. I packed up the boat and went home. I was greeted by my wife Maureen with, "I was down at the dock. Are you crazy? You could get hurt." My answer was to fill the tub with really hot water and pour in a bottle of rubbing alcohol.

While I was relaxing and soothing my bones and black and blue spots, the phone rang. Now at that time, and for 31 years, I was a trustee and deputy mayor of the Village of Bellport. Maureen brought the phone into the bathroom and I said, "Hello." A voice I did not recognize said, "It's a real pleasure to go down to the village dock on a Saturday morning and watch one of the village officials get his ass kicked on a big scale. We love ya."

To this day I have no idea who that was. Sadly, my scootering days have been over for a while now, but I have and always will have fond memories.



My first actual experience with any boat (Nebraska has virtually no surface water) came at a one-week summer camp on the Big Blue River. There is nothing big or blue about it, but they had a couple of war canoes there that would hold about a dozen boys and a counselor. The biggest challenge in such a canoe was to stroke at the same time as everyone else, or chaos ensues. Chaos ensued. Still, I was entranced.

Fate caused us to leave Nebraska shortly thereafter to join my Army officer father who was still in Germany after the war. For our first few months in Germany we lived in the city of Bamberg, largely destroyed by our bombers but with some sections of town still intact.

In the part of town where we lived there was an officers' club that, in former times had been a boating club on the river. The sergeant who ran the club invited all the kids to learn to kayak on the river. I guess there were no canoes there but consider that a technicality. I managed to pass my test, which involved paddling downstream to, but not over, the dam and back. Ironically, it was just before the river froze over so I never got to take one out solo.

Fast forward 40 years and I would be found in summer, at a place on the Delaware shore growing a little tired of sitting on the beach. It's certainly pleasant sitting there doing nothing more demanding than keeping an eye on the tide to avoid getting swamped. But something was missing. Messing about in boats.

The amazing thing about the coastal plain that eastern Delaware sits on is its "plain-ness." There is hardly any change in elevation for miles, making the water smooth and accommodating. I certainly needed to take advantage of that, but didn't want to spend a lot of money on a boat, so when a friend offered to loan me his canoe, I readily took him up on it.

At the time we had more cars than logic would dictate, and one of those was an old Chevy Vega station wagon. Though damned as worthless by virtually everyone, that wagon served our family well for about six years until our daughter, in a fit of poverty, sold it to a policeman who didn't come to claim it, so she sold it again and, for some reason, the policeman never returned.

At the time of the canoe's arrival the Vega was still mine and I was able to get the canoe atop it where I tied it down to the luggage rack and several other points on the frame. Then the cats and I got into the wagon and headed for Delaware, three hours away. My wife, in her car, was accompanied by an infant grandchild, and we had assumed that would be a bigger challenge.

Hah! As soon as I hit cruising speed the canoe tried to turn sideways making steering a serious challenge. Thomas, a cat, took over steering at that point, sitting in my lap, paws on the steering wheel. He apparently had no confidence in my ability to steer in such conditions. It was a long drive to the beach fighting the shifting wind and the steering cat. But we got there anyway and I took the canoe down and wondered what to do next. At that time our place was about a mile from anyplace to put it in the water.

Several forays with the canoe on the car top proved to be more trouble than fun, so I asked my friend Bill if I could leave it at his marina. His beachfront community has a small marina on the bay side. The water is only inches deep at low tide and maybe 2' at

Canoes I Have Known

By Palmer McGrew

flood, but it's all right for a canoe. My wife and I took a few trips in it from there. First we went down a canal we could see from Bill's house. It turned out not to actually go anywhere, but that trip had a lasting impact on our lives.

We found a plywood, crudely painted decoy deep in some weeds, probably abandoned or lost a decade before. We took it home and mounted it on our cottage. Since then most every guest has presented us with some form of duck decoy or similar artifact. Now guests take delight in trying to count all the ducks in our cottage and the number seems to be around 159, but no one is exactly sure.

That canoe stayed at Bill's marina until the next hurricane. After the storm Bill reported it AWOL. He set out to find it and, when the water went down, he saw it sitting on the bottom near the far shore. We went over and recovered it, but as you surely know, moving a canoe full of water is no stroll in the park. Sucker was heavy. It also appeared to have been rolled and had many little breaks in its skin.

So back to our cottage it went where I attempted to fix it. A few pounds of Bondo later I tested it by filling it with water. Water squirted out through dozens of formerly invisible holes. At this point I declared time of death and wondered how to throw away a canoe, especially a "loaner."

Then one day we found a note on our door from a man who said his wife was dying and he wanted to take her out in a boat, something she loved, would I let him borrow the canoe? I called him and told him it might sink fairly rapidly, but if he wanted it he could have it. Never saw it again and still wonder if he and his wife went out in it, sort of like old Eskimos going out on the ice floe to die.

At that point my buddy Joe bought a Tupperware canoe. We agreed that the material it was made of was indeed Tupperware, no matter what Coleman said it was. It was quite light and easy to handle, but a little chancy with two substantial guys in it.

In time we acquired waterfront property and just had to have our own canoe and some kayaks, so a new canoe entered our lives. It is a nice wide one, designed for exactly the flat water we have in Delaware.

Visiting a college roommate in Washington State, Pete and I decided to take one of Roger's canoes out on his lake. I got in but as Pete put his foot into the canoe it flipped over sending me flying into the water. I noted the brand and model name of that canoe. Let's just say the model is "Hunter." So when, not long thereafter, my daughter brought her Hunter to leave at our place on the water, I christened it *Tippy Canoe* and the Stillwater became *Tyler 2*.

It turns out that when I want to go canoeing and no one wants to go with me, *Tippy Canoe* is my best bet. I sit on the wrong seat so as to be amidships, facing normal aft, and employ a kayak paddle. Except for the problem with finding a place to put my long legs, it works great.

Meanwhile, *Tyler 2* is the perfect platform for novices and grandchildren or, for that matter, for my wife and I. Wonderful

boat. Now my motto is, "A day not on the water is a wasted day."

Among our canoeing adventures was one time I decided to take *Tippy Canoe* out for an end-of-season paddle. I had to break through the thin skimming of ice, no problem until I tried to change direction. I could break through going forward, but the ice wouldn't let me turn. Getting back home was sort of interesting.


At one point I was pressed into *loco parentis* duty as the adult accompanying my grandson Wesley on scouting adventures. My son is an optometrist and Saturday is a big day for his practice, so someone else had to be with Wesley or they wouldn't let him do such things as canoeing down the Rappahannock. I had said, "Canoeing, eh? Sure."

No one had said anything about huge boulders and madly rushing waters. I proved, as by far the oldest participant, to be somewhat more careful, and we made it even after plunging off 4' ledges and digging frantically out of suck holes without capsizing. Once on dry land we flung our exhausted bodies to the earth. When I could talk I asked Wes what he thought of the trip. "I thought we were going to die," he said. "So did I," I agreed.

The next trip was down the Shenandoah. I had seen a few stretches of it and it looked benign. That was wrong. It was even more terrifying than the Rappahannock. After that I resolutely retired from white water canoeing and settled for Delaware's placid water.

Now, when canoeing from our place, I think of the Indians who must have lived there for centuries and probably traveled the same water in canoes. It is the ideal junction of land and water, affording the bounty of both to hunter-gatherers. Now it belongs to a retired geezer from the city. I don't fish, don't even crab, leave the mussels and clams alone and just play on the water. I love to tell people about our Delaware place and casually mention our canoes and kayaks as if everyone has some. Heh, heh, heh.

I suppose I should wrap this up with the great life lessons learned in the various canoes. Stroke with your boat mates. Don't paddle over the dam. Don't drive with free-roaming cats in the car and a canoe on the luggage rack. Beware of scouting adventures when you're too old for them. I don't know, they don't seem to resonate. Instead, let's consider a little wall decoration in our cottage that says, "If you're lucky enough to live on the water, you're lucky enough." I agree. But you really need a canoe or two.



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Our Delaware Valley TSCA has enjoyed its annual messabout on Union Lake (NJ) each September. While there, I have wondered how the largest lake in South Jersey remains so relatively undeveloped today? Thank the Wood family, fate and the State of New Jersey.

The Wood family, Quakers, settled in Greenwich, New Jersey, in the 1750s where they eventually owned a farm and a store. Their brick home on Ye Great St is marked by a historic marker, as well as by the presence of a ghost.

In the early and mid-19th century they began to establish an important presence in Millville, New Jersey. They were part owners of a factory which made cast iron pipe. They also accumulated forested land along the banks of the Maurice River and built the dam creating the present lake in the 1860s.

This lake provided water for their factories, a textile plant and a plant to dye cloth. By the latter part of the century the lake was a popular recreation destination for boating, fishing and even a site for Luna Park, an amusement park northeast of the present Union Lake Sailing and Tennis Club (ULSTC). The park, complete with a dance palace, Ferris wheel, miniature steam train and merry-go-round,

Original Duck Pond.



Random Thoughts on Union Lake

By John Guidera

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was reached by trolley. It went bankrupt in the 1930s when the Jersey shore became easily reached by private automobile.

People were also permitted to lease land from the Wood family to build lakeside cottages in the area called the Duck Pond. The Duck Pond was located to the left of the dam, across the lake from the present public beach. The cottages were demolished in the 1950s, doomed by inadequate sewer systems.

The lake was home to both a canoe club dating to the early 1900s and a sailing club

established in the 1930s. The sailing club initially promoted Moth class races, but evolved to also promote Enterprise, Duster, Sailfish and Sunfish. The sail club rented locker space from the canoe club located northeast of the present ULSTC.

As the Wood family set out to develop Woodland Shores in 1973, they moved the sail club to the present ULSTC site, selling the land to the club. Woodland Shores was phase one of a development which was to have extended to the Onion House on the northeast head of the take and have included more detached homes, condominiums, garden apartments and high rise buildings. The real estate bust of the 1990s prevented further development.

More recently, in the first decade of the 21st century, a 400-home development was planned on 200 acres on the northeast side of the lake. This project also failed because of the current recession. The WaWa Corporation, owned by the Wood family, sold the lake and most of the land on its southwest side to the State of New Jersey in 1982. The future usage of the undeveloped northeast land remains in limbo. The city of Millville has advocated its use for park and recreation. We'll stay tuned.

Duck Pond 2012.



Another old photo brings on another set of memories I believe are worth sharing, a photo of two friends and I in my Snark Mach II. This sailing "yacht" was about the same length as the Sunfish, but it was lighter and carried a bit more sail area. It was plastic over foam. Right behind the mast was a built-in cooler which would hold some ice and soda. The cockpit began directly aft that cooler and simply ran aft to the very small transom.

The best sail I ever had was on this boat one day at a picnic at Lake Hopatcong, NJ, where we kept the boat. Joe and Bob wanted to go for a sail. Being fairly large guys, this was a bit more weight than would normally be recommended, but the wind was quite strong, and the extra ballast seemed like a good idea.

We paddled outside the dock area and Joe volunteered to pull on the halyard to raise the sail. I strongly advised, even insisted, he not stand to do this, but my words were futile. He stood up, pulled on the halyard, and over we went. It was time for a lesson on how to right the boat and get back on board. All of this, of course was happening in full

Yachting Over the Weekend

By John Smith



view of our families and the other folks at the marina. It didn't take long as we tread water to reach the daggerboard and right the boat, with it headed into the wind. Climbing back on board was a simple task. Our pride dented, and Bob's sunglasses lost, we picked up where we left off, this time Joe did not stand and got the sail up without incident. We were all in bathing suits anyhow, so only our pride suffered.

The wind was very strong; a good 20-25 knots. We did fine with the significant chop caused by the wind, as that always hit us on the windward or high side. Powerboat wakes that hit us on the other side just slid over the water level rail and into the bilge. Trapped there they actually served as more ballast, and anything over 4" just spilled over the transom. It was windy. It was wet. It was wonderful. We were all a bit sad when time forced us to head back to the marina. We had been sailing for a full 4 hours, but it seemed like just a few minutes. Time was flying faster than we were.

Bob went on to tell everyone he'd been yachting over the weekend.

Rowing Florida's Big Bend Saltwater Paddling Trail

By Frank Mitrososon Prosak

Here are some photos and remarks about *Mermaid*, my Glen-L Marine flat bottom "kayak." I use *Mermaid* primarily as a rowboat along Florida's 105-mile Big Bend Saltwater Paddling Trail. I've made a lateen sailing rig for her following the instructions in John Bull's easy-to-follow manual *Sail Your Canoe*. My sailing voyages, however, are mostly in my fantasy. I am turning 71 years old in a few weeks and prefer the simplicity of rowing for my usual four-hour outings.

Readers can learn more about the Big Bend Saltwater Paddling Trail at www.myfwc.com/recreation. They can also purchase, or download for free, *Sea Kayak Day Paddles on Florida's Hidden Coast* by Nick and Sandra Crowhurst at <http://hiddencoast.blogspot.com> or contact the authors at hiddencoastkmail.com.

This winter I met two young 69-year-old gentlemen at the Steinhatchee public boat ramp. They had just completed the entire 105-mile trail. They inspired me. I myself have only taken day trips along the trail, although I built my "kayak" with a 7' open cockpit in order to be able to sleep aboard if necessary.

The waters of the Big Bend are calm and shallow. Typically, a mile offshore the depth is only 2'. I find the vast salt marshes with their hundreds of creeks, the pristine water with its meadows of seagrass and the glorious fauna infinitely beautiful.



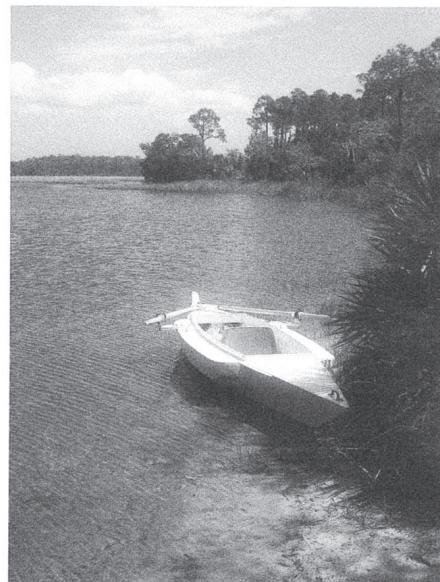
Mermaid began life in 1997 as a Glen-L Marine flat-bottom "kayak." I chose this hull because of its shoal-water capability and its suitability for construction by an amateur.



After once battling a crosswind on a long paddle, I

reconfigured her as a rowboat. Her sponsons, made of pink foam wrapped in three layers of fiberglass, give stand-up stability to the formerly "tender" hull. The hinged oarlock spreaders fold onto the side decks and out of the way. The low-aspect ratio rudder hangs from a laminated rudder post.

Instead of a leeboard 10 inches wide and 2 feet deep, she has a skeg-keel 2 inches deep and ten feet long. She floats in 6 inches of water.



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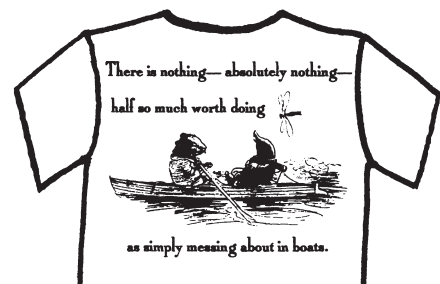
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Have you ever had one of those perfect sailing days, gentle breeze, sunshine, long tacks and beautiful scenery all around you and then BANG, all hell breaks loose? I had that experience on the 2010 SWS Spring Cruise, from blissed to pissed in an instant. What follows are my log book entries from that day with some additional commentary.

April 30, Friday AM Entry

Slept in past 7am, stayed covered up as it was cold, it's now 9:45am, the sun is up and it's hot already. Wind is light, 5mph SW. NOAA is painting a very promising picture for this weekend's cruise. I'm already fed, washed and stowed so I'll soon be underway. I'll head back to Long Cove and see who else is arriving, this should be a perfect sailing day! (Famous last words!)

April 30, Friday PM Entry

Had a great day of sailing! I don't know how many times I sailed back and forth across the Chester River, looong tacks from shore to shore, gaining ground as I made progress upwind. I sailed *Sedge* up onto a sandy beach at the entrance to Queenstown Creek and did some beachcombing, then motored in to explore Salter's Cove, too developed for my liking, then turned around to investigate Ditcher's Cove.

Just as I crossed the entrance to Queenstown Creek some wingnut in a powerboat was jackassing around too close to my boat and throwing a large wake across the creek. *Sedge* rose on one of these wakes and as she came down, BOOM, the rudder came down directly on top of a submerged piling. Had I sailed or motored into the piling the rudder would have simply kicked up with very little drama and I'd have been on my way.

From Blissed to Pissed

By Jake Millar

The impact was hard enough to lift the entire rudder assembly off the lower pintle and pulled the upper pintle out of the rudder stock. The rudder was essentially knocked off the back of the boat and was barely hanging on. If the upper pintle was to fall out of the rudder stock I'd be screwed!

I motored slowly with my rudder "gull winging" sideways to the nearest beach and ran her ashore. I hopped out and pulled her sideways up onto the beach and got the rudder reseated onto the lower pintle, taking the weight and pressure off of the broken upper pintle. Oblivious to the damage he had caused, "Captain Jackass" sped out the creek at a too fast speed and continued on his destructive day of boating.

After a quick examination I realized that fixing this damage would require removing the tiller from the rudder cheeks, drilling out the upper pintle's hole and reseating it in epoxy, a repair I'm not equipped to make here. Using two screwdrivers and pliers I was able to work the upper pintle back into the tiller most of the way. It's now got two wraps of duct tape (very attractive) keeping the upper pintle from working loose again. I've heard they can send rockets to the moon held together with duct tape, I hope it'll keep me sailing for the rest of the weekend.

Shortly after all this drama Morry sailed into Queenstown Creek and we continued on to Ditcher's Cove, found a beautiful spot to anchor, sunshades up, cold beer and dinner cooking. After dinner, Morry motored around the next bend to

anchor for the night. It started getting buggy so I tented in with a good crossword puzzle and a Yankee game on the AM radio, they won.

That's the end of my logbook entry. A day of sailing that began perfectly and ended rather nicely, unfortunately with some unwanted drama sandwiched in the middle.

The actual damage was that the upper pintle, which is a length of stainless steel welded to the plate at the top with the main-sheet block and threaded at the lower end to accept the washer and nut that hold the rudder in place, was broken by the impact of the rudder on the submerged piling.

Yes, I did check my chart and yes, the submerged pilings are shown in that location. Under any other circumstances the Dovekie would have sailed over the pilings or, at worst, had the rudder kick up. Thanks again, "Captain Jackass".

The 100% percent correct fix would have been to remove the upper portion of the pintle with mounting plate from the tiller and have the lower (broken) section of pintle married up and welded back together.

Since I was planning to make a new tiller, I decided that the proper repair would wait until that time and I instead drilled out the hole on the underside of the tiller and set the upper pintle back in place bedded in thickened WEST™ epoxy. I'm not going to claim that the repair is "bullet proof" but I've had two seasons of sailing without a glitch or any indication of fatigue. Perhaps I should get started on that new tiller project before my luck runs out?

With the 2012 SWS Spring Cruise coming up and a return to the Chester River, I can highly recommend Ditcher's Cove as an anchorage suitable for the entire SWS group for raft ups and plenty of room for all to spread out and overnight. Just watch out for "Captain Jackass" and look for those %\$#! pilings!

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Trouble is where you find it. I seem to find it quite often out on the water. And when I do find it, it's most likely somebody else's trouble.

Here's the deal. Since just about the time the first cave man sailed the first log raft across a river, there's been what's called the First Law of the Sea. It goes like this: All mariners are REQUIRED to render assistance to vessels in distress to the extent that they are able, without undue hazard to their own vessel and crew.

There is no "mother, may I?" here. It's what we do. It's what I seem to do. All the time. Often, I end up helping someone avoid embarrassment or inconvenience. Sometimes, I manage to help somebody avoid getting killed, or worse, sinking their boat. Let me spin a couple/three yarns to explain.

A couple years back I was out sailing my boat across South San Diego Bay about sundown. In fact, the sun was in my eyes on that heading. So I put the boat on autopilot and was sort of maintaining a watch station in the companionway hatch. I've spent enough years at sea to more or less always be on watch, even when there's probably nothing to be looking for. No boats out there. Nearest land still about a mile away.

Something alerted me to look again into the sun. Looked like a head. Maybe two? Of course, I sharpened up my heading and made best speed over to where that brief glimpse had been. Yep. Two heads. A man and a small boy. Way out there. Attempting to swim and tow a jet ski to land. Hypothermia makes people do pretty dangerous things. I managed to get them aboard. Took their boat in tow. Got them warmed up and back to shore. Mission accomplished.

As I headed back out, I passed the Harbor Police boat out doing a search pattern. I called them up on Channel 16 and told them they didn't have to look for a body out there. At least, not that day. Happy ending.

A while before that, I'd been sailing out of Ventura for the day with family friends. We were heading back to port at sundown. Seems like a trend doesn't it? Amid the boat-keeping tasks of dousing sails, bending on covers, flaking down lines and all that stuff, I caught a glimpse of somebody struggling to

Some Rescues I Have Known

By Dan Rogers

stay afloat in the surge breaking on the jetty. Turns out it was a woman who had attempted to retrieve a small boat after it drifted off the beach. The boat had outdistanced her in the ebb tide.

My 30' sailboat needed about 5' of water, had a very small diesel and tipped the scales at five tons. Not the best of surf rescue boats. In less time than it takes to describe, I had my passengers deployed to the foredeck, a call in to the Harbor Patrol and we were headed into harm's way.

I figured we had only one shot at getting her out of there. It was an even chance that we'd find ourselves caught up in the shore break. Maybe lose the boat in the process. But not a time to be worrying about the small stuff. I doubt that poor woman thought she was going to be rescued. Consider what it would appear like to her fighting for her life in the surf to look up and see the nearly 4' freeboard of a sailboat's bow thundering down on her.

And from the wheel down aft, I lost sight of her well before we got close enough to make a grab. Anyway, my friend laid flat on the deck and lunged for her hand. He later told me that her eyes were as big as dinner plates when he started to pull her bodily from the water. Then she slipped away. Just as I was attempting to make a second try, an angel appeared. The Harbor Patrol, running at 30 or 40 knots, zipped out, got between us and her and snagged her. Mission accomplished. Happy ending. I don't remember if her small boat survived or not though.

There was the day that I found it necessary to take a boat with six women and one small boy under my wing. Not completely unusual. Except there was a gale blowing. The harbor entrance was technically closed due to enormous seas at the jetty. I had to basically sail their boat remote control, by radio. And when they got hysterical and started calling for the Coast Guard to come

and rescue them, I had to tell them about another immutable law of the sea. It's like this. When you attempt to take people off one boat and onto another in conditions like that, somebody, rescuer or rescued, is likely to be lost. Or worse, you're gonna lose your boat.

I called up the lifeguard service and asked them to stand by inside the entrance. I managed to convince at least one of the people on that overloaded sailboat to take the helm and get the motor running. I got them lined up behind me and we surfed down this enormous swell that broke up between the rock groins. Flashed by the lifeguard boat. And made it in to the pier. I saw that boat advertised for sale a week later. Cheap. Probably a good thing. Another happy ending.

Then there is one that isn't happy. It was a nasty day "outside." My wife and kids had decided to stay home. I had this notion that I could head out into the blow for a bit of wild riding by myself, also, not unusual. As the day wore on I didn't leave. Instead, I worked on the boat and had the radio on for "entertainment."

At one point during that wild day the Coast Guard was working at least four SARs in the immediate area. A wind surfer was in the process of killing himself in the surf, a couple of boats were reporting they were taking on water. One was on fire. And a completely hysterical voice was breaking into the chatter from about five miles up the coast. "Help me! My boyfriend has fallen overboard!" was most of what came through.

Turns out this lady had lost her boyfriend about an hour before and the boat had sailed on autopilot almost into the surf. Before she figured out how to turn on the radio. Not able to do much to help at that point, I took out a chart and dividers. I laid out a course based upon the probable winds outside the harbor. A course based on a big IF. If I'd gotten underway when I originally expected to. I drew in a probable track for the reported departure point and current location of the vessel in distress. Damn it! The lines crossed. About an hour out of where this poor woman was finally calling for help. I never knew his name. I never shook his hand. But maybe. Just maybe, I would have.

But, you've gotta be there.

A.H. ALSTON: "In a boat out of sight of your ship, and to leeward of any anchorage, a gale of wind and heavy sea spring up. What will you do for the safety of the boat, as she is beginning to take on water faster than you can bail it out?"

F. LIARDET: "On speaking to a very experienced seaman sometime since, the captain of a merchant vessel, he told me he was once in a very heavy gale of wind, in which he was obliged to ride his boat under the lee of a spanned spar... The boat's mast had a large sprit-sail attached to it; and this sail was left on the mast, the luff having been well tautened, a span then bent to the opposite ends of the mast, and the painter attached to the span... By this means, as the boat's mast drifted, the sail spread itself on the surface of the sea and as the heavy waves rolled along, they expended themselves by rolling the sail up, and the boat dragged the mast again, so the sail spread itself ready to receive the next sea, and in this manner the boat rode out the gale in the most perfect safety. Attaching a small square-sail to the spar you ride your boat to appears well worthy of consideration."

Caught in a Gale (What Best to Do?)

Edited by Duncan Wright

G.S. NARES: "I agree. The mast and sail keep her head to the sea, lighten the boat, and must break the sea a little. They keep the boat from drifting as much as she otherwise would."

G.S. DANTON: "Even so, the boat may be drifting to leeward at up to perhaps two knots. How would you lessen the drift?"

G.S. NARES: "I would let go the anchor, never mind whether it takes the bottom or not."

S.B. LUCE: "I would fasten weights (perhaps lengths of chain) to the clews of the sail. This decreases the drift a great deal."

G.S. DANTON: "Instead of making a breakwater with the mast, you can of course use a sea anchor if you have one. You can also improvise. A drogue can be provided by towing a bucket, or a jib having a bridle rigged from its corners, the clew weighted, and a 6" hole cut in the centre of the surface."

S.B. LUCE: "With the boat in a safe position, how would you best protect the crew?"

A.H. ALSTON: "T" would pass a spare hawser round the boat outside, guy it down here and there, by passing the bight of a rope over the bows, and slipping it aft under the bottom; lay sails or tarps over the forepart of the boat, and lace them down outside to the hawser; raise the after part up a little, by sticking a stretcher under it, and you will thus keep the seas from breaking into the boat, and have a shelter from the weather."

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Messing About in Boats, June 2012 – 25

The International Scene

Italy is treating the cruise ship *Costa Concordia* stranding as a national disaster and it is important for other nations to stand back and be rational. So noted an industry technical expert.

Royal Dutch Shell announced that it was losing \$1 billion a year due to drilling delays since the Deepwater Horizon oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico in 2010.

How many seaports and their terminals will be able to handle the larger bulkers of the near future? We're talking about ships of 200,000dwt and more. The paucity of such ports and terminals will limit the available options for ship owners.

"Automation is not something that scares us as long as employers take us along with them," announced a California labor leader with regard to plans to introduce automated straddle carriers at one container terminal at the Port of Los Angeles. (Such automation is common overseas.)

Thin Places and Hard Knocks:

A Small Sample

Collisions: In thick fog in the Dover Strait the gas tanker *Gas Arctic* collided with the cargo ship *Spring Bok*. No "boom" and both ships, although damaged above the waterline, proceeded to Portland for inspection.

At Belfast, at the harbour entrance, the 21,800-ton ferry *Stena Feronia* was hit by the small coaster *Union Moon*. The little one's bow took a beating, its master was found to be under the influence of drink and faced a possible two-year sentence and he was fired.

Groundings: In Danish waters the combined chemical and oil tanker *Terry* ran aground off Drogden. Reason why? The master tested quite drunk.

In Scotland, the Dutch-registered coaster *Flinterspirit* became stuck on Flod-day Mor Island on its way from Sweden to Belfast. The second mate felt a judder and rushed up to the bridge, there was no one there. The second mate called the chief mate to the bridge and together they sounded the general alarm.

When the master still did not appear, the second mate went down to his cabin where he was found in bed. The vessel was refloated on the next high tide. The Russian master was fined £3,000 for failing to alter his course and prevent grounding the vessel, and an additional £300 on another charge for failing a routine breath test three days after the grounding.

Life for the two officers on a coaster is brutal. Fulltime work in port for both, mate loading cargo, master handling shore person interactions, and then they alternate on-duty watches with inadequate rest breaks when finally underway again, all repeated frequently. Drinking and misjudgments often result.

The 2,000-ton coaster *Carrier* was loading limestone at the jetty of a North Wales quarry when it began to blow. The skipper tried to break away but the vessel was blown ashore against nearby rip-rap alongside dual lane highway A55. As waves broke over the vessel, a Royal Navy helicopter hoisted five and lowered them to the highway (which had been closed to traffic) until the winch cable caught on a light on the ship. The chopper aborted, leaving a winchman on the coaster. An RAF chopper later rescued him and the last two crewmen.

Fires and explosions: An explosion wracked the chemical tanker *Royal Diamond*



Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

7 near Mumbai, injuring seven, one of whom later died from his burns while being transferred from one hospital to another.

On Lake Ontario the newly purchased tug *Patrice McAllister* was steaming on its way to new owners in New York City when an engine room fire gutted the vessel and burned the chief engineer seriously enough so he died in a Toronto hospital. An EPIRB was used to alert Canadian and US rescuers.

Two Vietnamese fishermen got into a fight as the fishing vessel *Jung Woo* was leaving Montevideo. The fight caused a fire in the accommodations area and the FV had to return to port.

Off the coast of Brazil, a tug towed the container ship *Buenos Aires Express* towards the Dominican Republic after an engine room fire off the coast of Brazil. The 20-day tow probably meant that the powerless ship's cargo was a total loss.

Things were hit: On Denmark's North Jutland island, minutes before a train was to cross a bridge at Aalborg, the Finnish coaster *Ramona* struck it and put it out of commission for six months. The coaster was undamaged and neither the master nor the bridge tender were drunk so they may have just mis-communicated. Trains stranded north of the bridge were sailed to Gothenburg from Fredrikshavn and returned to Copenhagen via the Øresund link.

Things happened: On the Outer Weser the engine of the container ship *MSC FredERICA* failed and the vessel drifted on the German river for some time. Eventually two tugs towed the vessel back to the quay.

In New York, a crane on a barge towed by the tug *Thomas Dann* tore a 50' hole in metal sheathing under the Brooklyn Bridge. The sheathing protects passing boats from anything dropped during painting operations.

Rubber tires make great fenders in port but are noisy seamates offshore. The New Zealand tug *Tuahine* used its EPIRB to request help when its steering broke down off Australia's Cape Moreton and couldn't be repaired. A report on the incident revealed that the tires had been stored in the lazarette and, during rough weather, one had chafed through a hydraulic hose, disabling the steering.

Humans were injured or killed: The container ship *Gati Pride* had been anchored off the Chennai coast for three months after the vessel was arrested on an order from the Madras high court because its previous crewmembers had not been paid. The ship was released after its owner paid up and hired a new crew. The new third officer fell into an empty hold and was killed. His widow promptly had the ship arrested, claiming it was unseaworthy due to long neglect.

In Georgia at Savannah, a female dockworker was killed when struck by a forklift. She was a retired postal worker who had become a fulltime member of the longshoremen's union.

An explosion in the engine of a tugboat in the Suez Canal killed three and injured a dozen others.

Four Chinese college students were killed on Taihu Lake when a drunken boat operator tried cutting between a tug and barge. The towing hawser cut off the motorboat's roof, which collapsed onto the students.

A muttonbird in New Zealand is usually the sooty shearwater (*Puffinus griseus*) or tt (Maori) and muttonbird young are caught and preserved by Maori families for later consumption. Helicopters are often used to get to the remote muttonbird islands off New Zealand's South Island during each two-month season but boats, often rickety boats, are still used.

The 40' *Easy Rider*, without much in the way of basic safety equipment, set out with a family group in bad weather and was capsized by a large wave. A sole survivor was found clinging to a barrel in the ocean after enduring 18 hours in the dark, rain and cold but eight others, including a seven-year-old, had died.

Humans were rescued: About 400 miles off California the USCGC *Berthoff* took the two most seriously injured crew off the 68' racing sailboat *Geraldton Western Australia*, one of ten yachts competing in the biennial Clipper Round the World Yacht Race. A big wave overwhelmed the boat, snapping off the steering wheel pedestal and injuring four of a crew of 18.

And, at the request of the US Coast Guard, the California National Air Guard dropped four paramedics and a Zodiac near the Chinese fishing vessel *Fu Yuan Yu 871* some 700 miles off Acapulco. Then two special ops helicopters, refueled in flight by a special ops MC-130P tanker aircraft, arrived and took two badly burned fishermen to Acapulco where another MC-130P flew them to a San Diego burn treatment center. It was a mission the Coast Guard can't do with its current equipment but, luckily for the fishermen, southern California is host to an Air Force air rescue wing.

Gray Fleets

The British helicopter carrier *HMS Illustrious* was participating in Exercise Cold Response in Norway when one of four tugboats escorting the carrier into port at Harstad punched two sizable holes in the thin-skinned warship. After minor repairs, it continued on with the exercise in blizzard conditions for the next five days but then authorities decreed that the ship had best return home.

The large offshore multi-purpose oilfield support vessel *Skandi Bergen* was purchased by the Australian Navy but it will never see combat unless special insurance is purchased for its civilian crew. The 6,500-tonne ship might be very useful in Australia's humanitarian and disaster relief efforts but critics say the \$130 million vessel was purchased for the Border Protection and Customs Service, is of no use to the Navy and the purchase was a public relations stunt anyhow.

In about a year and a half the US Navy will test a humanoid robot firefighter named Octavia (why a female name here?) that can walk onto a fiery, smoke-filled compartment and throw extinguisher grenades or *wo-man* a hose. She will also provide feedback to human firefighters safely outside the compartment.

Scotland votes next year on separation from the UK, so should the Royal Navy place ship orders with Scottish yards in the mean-

time? One political party is calling for a ban until after the referendum. (It should be noted that the Royal Navy will have two replenishment ships built in far off South Korea.)

White Fleets

In thick fog off Vietnam, the cruise ship *Silversea Shadow* T-boned a smallish Vietnamese container ship in Ha Long Bay in what the cruise company described as “a minor incident.” Both vessels were damaged and some on the other vessel, whose name was never publicized, may have been injured.

In Philippine waters the *Azamara Quest* had an engine room fire and smoke drifted into dining spaces, alarming the ship’s 1,000 passengers. The fire was quickly extinguished and, after drifting for 24 hours, the ship limped at six knots to Sandakan city in Malaysia’s eastern state of Sabah on the island of Borneo.

In the Caribbean, the *Caribbean Princess* arrived four hours late at St Maarten due to a propulsion motor problem and the next two sailings were cancelled.

Damaged by an engine room fire earlier this year, the *Costa Allegra*, one of the company’s smallest and oldest vessels, will be sold as is or scrapped.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Officers on the cross Channel ferry *Spirit of France* were forced to confine about 1,300 passengers in a secure lounge while 200 drunken students from two Manchester, United Kingdom, universities, trashed the ship. They will not return from a European skiing trip on that ferry.

The Isle of Man ferry *Ben-My-Chree* returned to Douglas after an engine developed problems two-and-a-half hours into the voyage. It wasn’t that the ferry was inoperable but the ferry’s master figured he needed two engines to berth at Birkenhead. Overnight accommodations and alternative sailings were arranged for the 40 passengers.

Since the small craft used by students to get to school had proved to be extremely dangerous, strictly supervised students of some schools in China’s Hunan Province now wear lifejackets as they board new “school boats.” These are working out better than the rafts and fishing boats previously used.

Locomotive operators must expect vehicles stopped on the tracks at crossings and, accordingly, ferry skippers should expect passengers to go missing. A woman told her husband that she was going for a walk but her “walk” was off the *Condor Rapide* somewhere between the Channel Island of Guernsey and Poole in Dorset. A search on board and of the sea until nightfall failed to find her.

In Myanmar, the *Patheingyi* sank as it was about to dock at a jetty near the town of Ngapada in the Irrawaddy Delta. Seventy-two people were rescued, ten died and others were missing.

In southern Bangladesh the double deck ferry *Shariatpur-1* capsized after colliding with a coal barge and 142 people died.

The Japanese ro-ro ferry *Masagena* was heading to its new home in Indonesia when it sprang a leak. Most of the crew was taken off but the master and chief engineer remained on board to fight the leak. No reports are available on what happened next but they may have grounded the vessel.

A Washington State ferry company needs full loads as part of a federally funded research project to see whether the low-wake

ferry *Rich Passage I* can carry riders through Rich Passage without damaging beaches or bulkheads so it is offering very low fares for five months.

Legal Matters

Drugs can be hard to trace. At Los Angeles/Long Beach, custom officials found 20 bricks of cocaine in the sidewall of an empty reefer container. The container originated in El Salvador with vessel stops in Guatemala and Mexico and had been returned to the terminal after delivering a shipment of cantaloupes to a distributor in California

Nature

Explorer and filmmaker (*Titanic* and *Avatar*) James Cameron bottomed at the 35,756’ depth in the Mariana Trench in his 24’ tall *Deepsea Challenger*. He filmed and took samples and readings with a sediment sampler, a robotic claw, a “slurp gun” for sucking up small sea creatures for study at the surface and temperature, salinity and pressure gauges. His vessel is bullet shaped and designed to spin its way down faster than conventional diving vessels.

Elsewhere in the Mariana Trench, scientists discovered an ecosystem, including ovesicomid clams, which feed on mantle material such as serpentinized peridotite or serpentinite. Yep! Rock-eating clams.

The Cascadia fault in the Pacific Northwest is an offshore subduction zone fault capable of producing a magnitude 9 earthquake that would damage Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, British Columbia, and generate a large tsunami. Scientists will soon build and install a seafloor geodesy observatory above the expected rupture zone.

Oceanographers have found that the very cold deep sea Antarctic Bottom Water has been disappearing at an average rate of about eight million metric tons per second over the past few decades. That is equivalent to about 50 times the average flow of the Mississippi River or about a quarter of the flow of the Gulf Stream in the Florida Straits.

In a Caribbean rift, other ocean scientists discovered the deepest yet vents. They spout water hotter than 450°C more than 1km above the vent openings, four times higher than other vents. The vents also host a new species of pale shrimp that cluster in dense clumps (2,000 per square meter). The shrimp have a light-sensing organ on their back in place of eyes and the vent output is unusually rich in copper.

Metal-Bashing

The ex-Exxon *Valdez* was sold for \$25.8 million (about \$460 per ldt) for scrapping (probably in India) 23 years after the crude oil tanker caused the worst oil spill in US history. Now converted into an iron-ore bulk carrier, it was renamed *Exxon Mediterranean*, *SeaRiver Mediterranean*, *S/R Mediterranean*, *Mediterranean*, *Dong Fang Ocean* and, most recently, *Oriental Nicety*.

Also sold for scrapping, this time in Turkey, was the cruise ship *Pacific Princess*, better known to TV watchers between 1977 through 1987 as the *Love Boat*.

Imports

The tanker *Hamburg* and a Canadian helicopter rescued six of nine men on the 35’ sailboat *Tabasco 2* in deep trouble about 100 miles off Canada’s Sable Island. It is suspected that the boat was smuggling

humans since the occupants were from Russia, Ukraine and Georgia.

In 2011 at least 1,500 people lost their lives attempting to cross the Mediterranean in search of a better world, and few governmental or private entities made any attempt to help those in trouble. One small boat left Tripoli during the conflict in Libya with 72 people on board. It needed help and a distress call was duly logged by an Italian rescue center. Several vessels made contacts with the boat but none provided meaningful assistance (although a helicopter did drop biscuits and water). Only nine people were alive when the boat drifted ashore back in Libya 15 days after its departure.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Employers and unions agreed that the territorial waters of Benin and Nigeria are a high-risk area so mariners venturing there will get double pay.

Peru joined most South American nations demonstrating solidarity with Argentina in its dispute with the UK over the Falkland/Malvinas Islands by cancelling a visit by the Royal Navy frigate *HMS Montrose*.

Odd Bits

The 164’ Japanese fishing vessel *Ryoun Maru*, spotted floating crewless off British Columbia, was the first large object to complete a trans-Pacific transit after being set adrift by the tsunami created by Japan’s earthquakes in March of last year. The Canadian fishing vessel *Bernice C* claimed salvage rights to the FV but was unable to tow the abandoned ship. As soon as the *Bernice C* left the scene, the *USCGC Anacapa* used its 25mm deck gun to sink the FV 180 miles off Alaska.

Those fighting shipboard fires often need shore-based assistance. Some time ago in the UK, national funding enabled 15 counties to organize and equip quick response Maritime Incident Response Groups, each consisting of about 50 specialist firefighters and medics. Teams of nine responders would have been helicoptered to incidents as far as 250 miles at sea. To save \$535,000 in the national budget, the MIRGS were de-funded and now only seven local fire and rescue services might be able to respond to a ship fire, and that number is expected to dwindle.

Some bunker fuel originates in the Urals and passes through many hands before being pumped into a ship, perhaps at Rotterdam. Along that long path, nasties have been adding waste products not naturally present in the fuel, including chlorine and zinc. The illegal pollution has been found in about one-third of the tanks of inland tankers.

Head-Shaker

In Louisiana, a foreign shipping company was fined \$2 million for dumping oily water in international waters while a land-based environmental company was fined \$5,000 for dumping 1,200,000 gallons of oily water into a canal near New Orleans. Same court, but different versions of justice.

Fishing Boats in Goa, India

By John Nystrom



Fishing boat on the beach near Benaulim village.



View from port bow. Oar shafts visible in the bow. Polytarp covers nets



Planks are stitched to dugout and to each other.

Notches on both sides of the stern indicate the steering oar is used on both sides, with no arrangements for tying it in place. Steering oar is the same size as the oars in the bow.



Stem carving and decoration.



Outrigger carved from single log.

View towards stern.



When I was working overseas last year, my wife Tammy was able to meet me in Goa, India, for her spring break in March. We stayed at a place that was a ten minute walk from the beach, near Benaulim village, only a 30-40 minute taxi ride south of Goa Airport. Our first walk to the beach revealed fishing boats pulled up above high tide line, resting on oiled timbers. The beached boats were open canoes with outriggers extending to the starboard.

Most of Benaulim village's boats had fiberglass hulls, but one boat was of wooden construction. I paced the length of the wooden boat at about 32'-34'. The fiberglass boats were of at least three different hull designs and ranged from about 25'-40' in length. All of the boats, both wood and fiberglass, had poles with the bark peeled and a single narrow log, only slightly shaped, to construct the outrigger.

All of the fiberglass boats had motor mounts but the motors were not present. The smallest boat, about 25', had a motor bracket offset to starboard and the larger boats had heavy mounting boards on the sterns. The fiberglass boats were also double ended with canoe sterns at the waterline and below, but with square sterns above for motor mounts. The fiberglass hulls had heavy wooden gunwales attached to the outside. The gunwales and motor boards seem to be the only dimensional, though rough finished, lumber on these outrigger canoes. The outriggers were lashed into place with synthetic rope. The wooden canoe was double ended, with no motor mount, but had oars that used a thole pin type arrangement. The wooden boat had at least eight oars with a steering oar in the stern. None of the fiberglass boats had more than three oars aboard.

Mid week I was admiring the wooden boat up close when two older gentlemen walked up to me on the beach, with the oldest introducing me as the boat's owner! I quickly asked about the construction. The boat could be described as a log canoe with the dugout keel carved from a single mango log. The planks, also mango, three to a side, were stitched to the log and each other with palm oil twisted twine. The two lower planks were a little over a foot in width and a heavier sheerstrake above those two was about 5" or 6" wide. The thole pins were notched into the sheerstrake with square holes. The whole hull, inside and out, and the log outrigger float were covered in a tar-like material that sealed wood, stitching and the holes that were drilled for the stitching. The owner invited me to come out fishing with them that night at about 1am.

One o'clock found me on the beach under a full moon. About 20 minutes later 14 or 15 men showed up and we all worked together to launch into the surf. The waves were only a foot high or so, but launching the heavy canoe was a chore even with what was well orchestrated teamwork. When the boat was floated, the men thanked me for the help, but made it clear I wasn't going along! The owner who I had talked to was nowhere to be seen. Cross cultural adventure almost always involves miscommunication of some sort, so I enjoyed the boat launching and went home to a warm bed. Maybe next time...

Goa, unlike the rest of India, was a Portuguese colony. As such, Goa is the most Roman Catholic area of India. Benaulim village is mostly Christian and that is reflected in their fishing boats. Each access road to the beach had a Catholic shrine and the boats had names and decorations that reflected the fishermen's religion. The wooden fishing boat I photographed had a "sacred heart," a symbol that has a cross on top of a heart, carved into the port side of stem. The only painted portions of the wooden boat were the very end of the stem and very end of the stern post, which were blue green and carved in shapes whose meanings escaped me. There was a red scarf or rag tied around the stem carving, along with a string of flowers and a string with a wood crucifix.

The fiberglass boats were brightly painted; white, red and yellow hulls were present and one hull was in a blue and white checkerboard pattern. Religious names were painted on the port and starboard sides of the fiberglass hulls, including *Jesus Lavio*, *St Antonio*, *Blessed Joseph Vas* and the names of other parishes further away from Benaulim. The blue and white checkerboard hull had *Holy Trinity-Saint Mark* circling a cross on the starboard and *Our Lady of Vailankanni-Saint Mark* on the port side. One boat broke with the religious themes by having a large decal with a blue dolphin and the name *Johnny Fisherman*, looking almost like a brand logo. I won't even guess as to what all the above signifies but it was interesting.

My wife has already said we will be returning to Goa in the future, so I hope to do some research both before we return and on our next trip.



I'm 6'7" to give some scale.

Fiberglass hull, seen from bow, has wood gunwales and wear strip running the length of the hull.



Hull profile from starboard side.

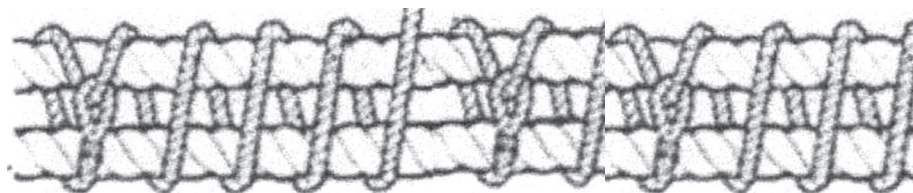


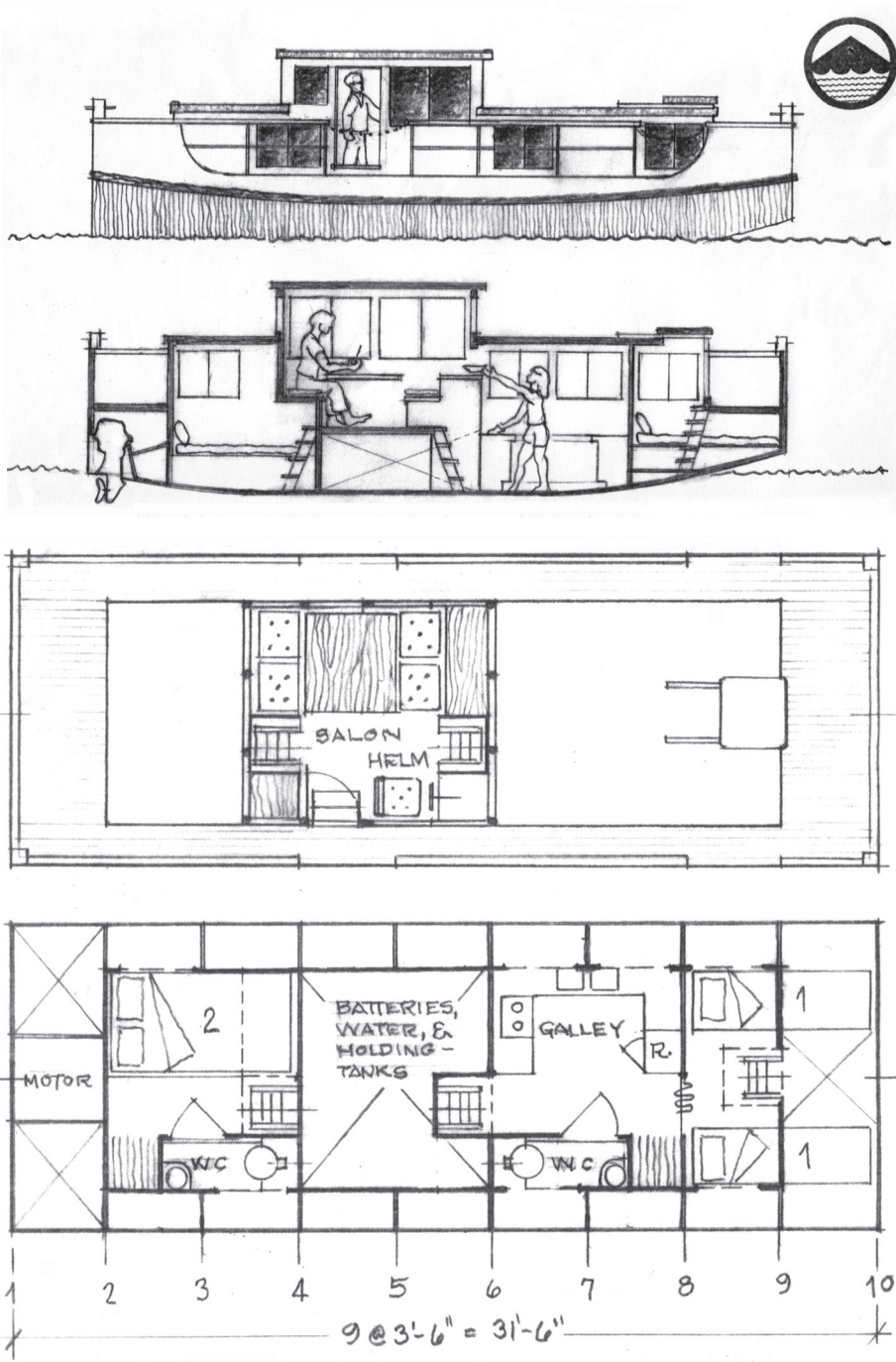
Offset motorboard on smaller fiberglass canoe.



Christian influence on boat names.

Square transom above the canoe stern. Offset motor board. Outrigger is non-dimensional, and lashed to the wood gunwales on a fiberglass hull. Interesting mix of technology.





Inlander

For Cruising Sheltered Inland Waterways

A Preliminary Sketch Plan

By Philip Thiel
Sea/Land Design

4720 7th Ave NE, Seattle WA 98105

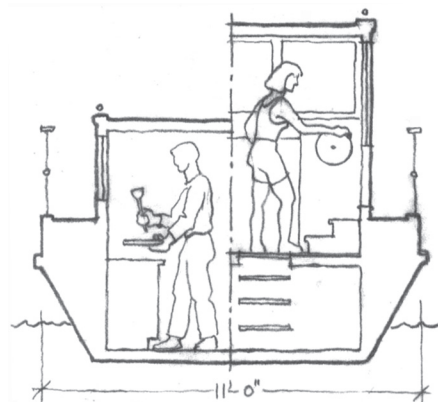
Built with authentic work boat character of plywood and soft wood framing in a simple box-like structure with a minimum of complex curves and bevels, this family friendly cruiser provides full headroom in a two-person after cabin, an open salon and galley and two heads. There is a two-berth forecastle and on deck access to deck space fore and aft.

This preliminary sketch of Inlander shows the default arrangement of the accommodations. Alternates include one single berth aft (or two berths, upper and lower) with desk and easy chair; forward head enclosed as part of forecastle, "flying bridge" open helm and seating above after cabin; two 10hp outboards in port and starboard aft quarters for twin screw maneuverability.

Length: 31'61"

Beam: 11'0"

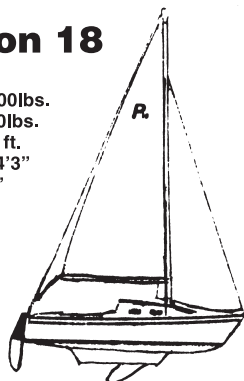
HP: 10-120



Precision 18

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Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
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LWL 15'5"
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Noel

By Mark Kovaltz

Noel is "based" on two Herreshoff "fin keelers" from the early 1890s. To be specific, hull #420, #423 and #425. The later number belongs to *Wee Win* and was delivered to England in 1892 as a "half rater" owned by Winifred Sutton. Half rater means half ton and this boat was about 16' water line, about 24' LOD. She won 22 of her first 23 races. Herreshoff invented the fin keel and now when this style of keel is mentioned Peterson is credited from his early IOR boats.

Looking at the drawings from that era, the keel looks like science fiction but Herreshoff often invented and developed boats beyond his time. Very soon after *Wee Win* demolished the English circuit the clubs banned his fin keels because other builders felt the structural issues were not easily solved and it made for unsafe boats. While these observations were correct, the boats were unbeatable. Leaves room to wonder. *Wee Win* is sitting in the loft above the Herreshoff Museum in Bristol, Rhode Island, and can be seen by appointment. I have some nice pictures from my visit.

Noel also benefits from some of the thinking Olin Stephens applied to *Dorada*. *Noel* is 20' on deck, shorter than *Wee Win* at 24', but is fuller in the ends, scale effect. As can be seen, the rudder is transom hung. I can't launch this from my club with the rudder in place because of hoist limitations, and the transom mount has other advantages, too. The keel on *Noel* is lifting and is a true fin,

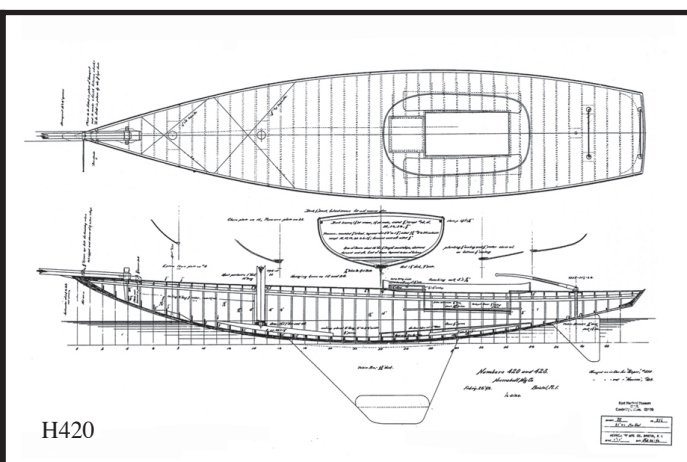
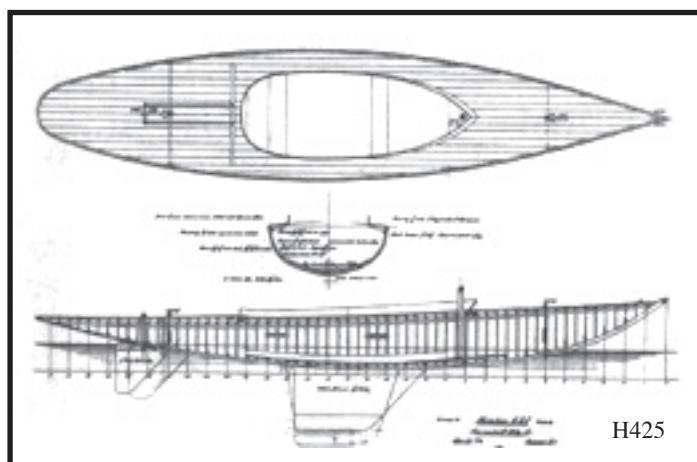


with bulb. Hull is cedar/epoxy with okoume ribs. There are no plans.

In an attempt to be fair, I don't usually mention the origin of *Noel's* lines. The Herreshoff Museum and MIT, which is home to the design records of The Herreshoff Manufacturing Co, are very sensitive to replicas or reproductions in general. One visit to their museum and you'll see why *Noel* is not a copy of any Herreshoff design but is heavily influenced by his work and, most important to me, there is no original thinking on my part in building this boat.

Since it isn't appropriate to give Herreshoff credit, and I certainly didn't contribute much, I usually just let it go by telling people it is a one only, spirit of tradition, etc. The

best description for me is to say that after the chef put all the stuff in the pot, he let me stir for a while. As far as building goes, this is my last effort, time to sit down and enjoy the stew. Hoping to have a lot of fun this summer.



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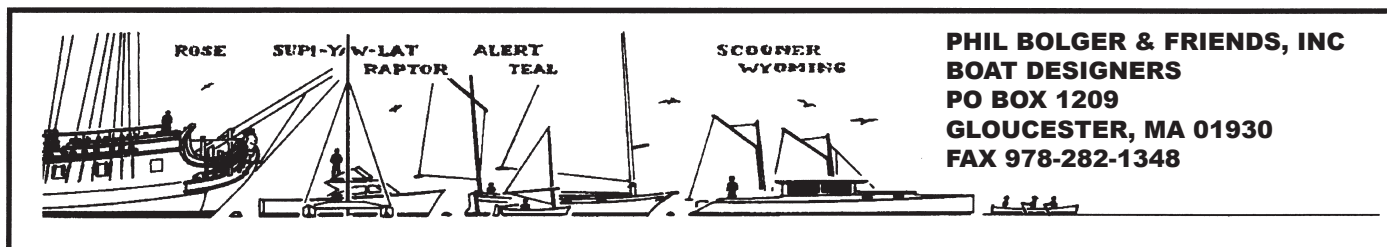
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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

“SACPAS-3” (LCP)

Design #681

38'10"x7'6"x12"x200hp

(Tenth in a series of articles)

Doing Windows, Deadlights and Sliders

Most boats with cabins have some sort of a window, if not quite a few. SACPAS-3 has ten deadlights and eight sliding windows.

In keeping with the brief to have the project be the prototype for possibly building her again and again overseas somewhere, she'd also have to be repairable far away from catalogues and parts numbers correct overnight delivery, likely years, if not decades, down the road. So when it came to her windows, the challenge was to base any planning and construction on rudimentary basics that might be available long term. Any factory built, custom sized assemblies were off the table of options; how to do repairs/replacements of the glass ages from now way out in the back of beyond. That option would have saved me quite a bit of time though...

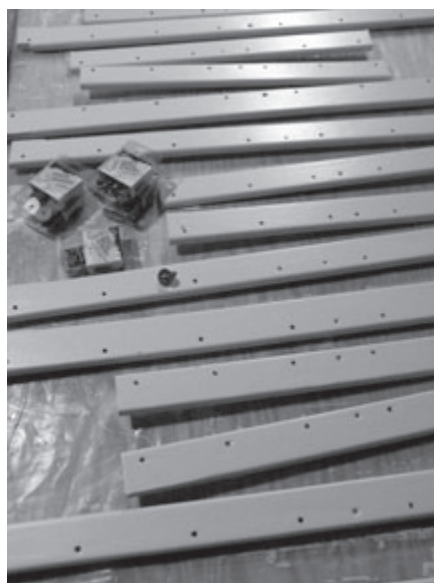
So for either type windows/ports the basics were:

1. Cutting the openings and finishing them, done a good while back.
2. Framing the opening on the inside to hold the window in, also done.
3. Designing some sort of screw-on retention system to keep the glass in place, here in four 1/2" ply sections allowing both easy installation and then eventual removal of damaged glass, here laminated glass, chosen for its longevity.



Deadlights should be easy. Still, it took longer than expected. For starters, I had to measure, cut, dry fit, drill fastening holes, epoxy and then paint all sides of each of the 4x10 frame pieces.

To be easier on the eye and to better keep paint on, both inside and outside edges were rounded over. A final dry fit by temporarily screwing everything in place around the glass suggested nips and tucks.



Numbering each piece where that ID wouldn't be painted over was strongly suggested. While the ambition was to build with reasonable precision, and one's vanity would thus suggest that identical windows would have identical framing to the smidgeon of an inch, not having to hunt for the correct “#5 aft vertical piece” was a good thing.



Then it was time to use premium silicone caulk on the inside of the opening, with one bead right along the cut out edge, and

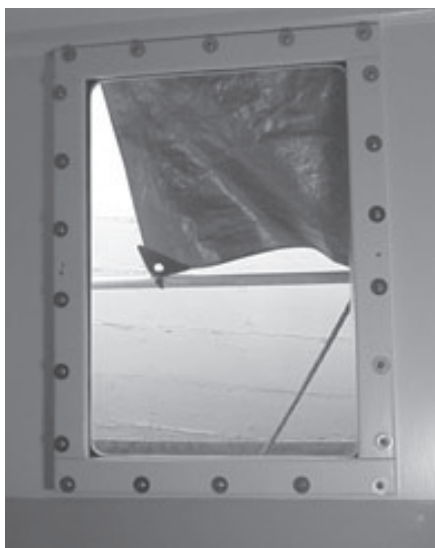
another around where the outer edge of the glass would land. To lock the glass in place as that silicone cured I used mending plates and screws to temporarily capture the assembly, with pressure applied via wooden shims.



And then it was quickly on to using a wooden scraper to take off excess globs, followed immediately by cleanup with mineral spirits inside and out. I used a lot of paper towels, as any rag will build up with the stuff. Just let the paper towel evaporate their spirits before final disposal.



Next day, the inside retention framing was screwed on with fender washers and a good bead of silicone around the inside of the glass to keep dirt from building up and being nasty for good.



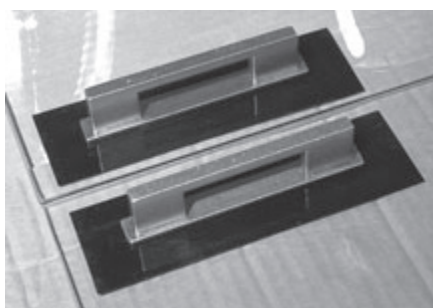
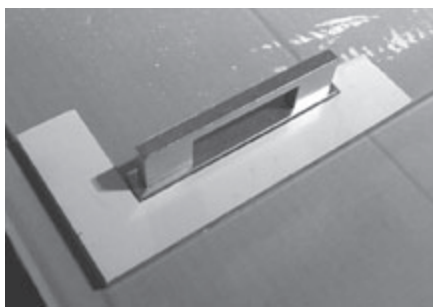
Now, the drama came with the otherwise sensible idea that it seems desirable to be able to open some of the house side windows on this hull without waterways outside along the house. At least it would be possible to mess with a fender amidships, holler modern French at irritating people or just vent the cabin when rain denied opening the windshield.

Here is what's different about installing these moving panes:

Sliding means something to grab the pane with. Alas, no drilling through laminated glass! Bonding it has to be. And as I knew from rearview mirror mounts in cars right on the glass, the bigger the base surface of the knob/handle, the stronger the bond. After a maddening range of dead end conflicting suggestions, I ended up back with my glass guys with Loctite 736 primer (#73656) and Loctite 312 adhesive (#31231) on loan; wear gloves and ventilate well... Trials on a scrap mirror showed how too much of the adhesive would not cure reliably.

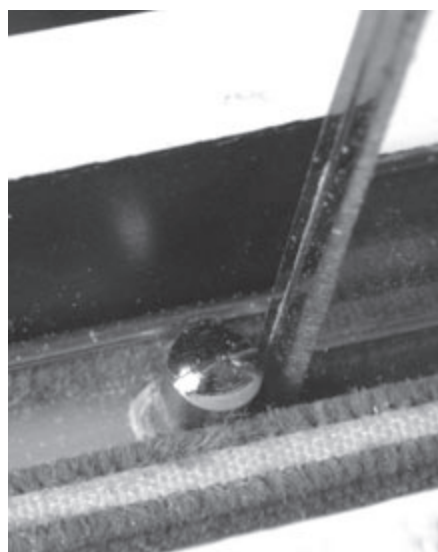
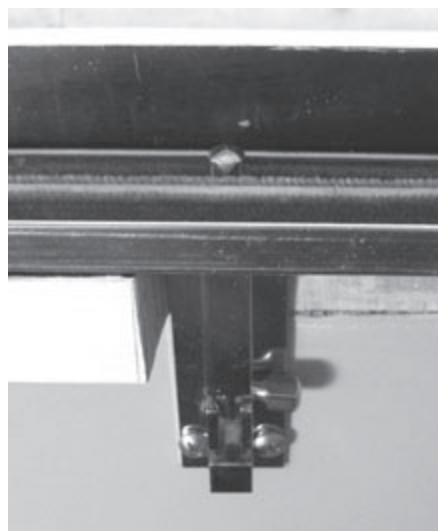
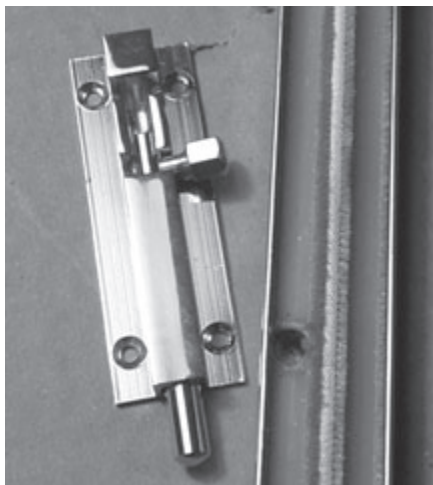


Fortuitously, the third home center offered these fine nickel finish narrow and long grips. A cardboard guide allowed planting each of the eight pieces in exactly the right spots. One overnight later, the glass could be picked up by these grips. But while laminated glass is claimed to absorb 99% of UV radiation, sober counsel from my glass guys left little doubt that the adhesive would eventually fail if not better protected. So I used the 2" wide so-called boot top tape on the outside of these inside joints, with them dying slowly being less aggravating than handles coming off, since peeling off the failing ones for replacement is way easier to live with.

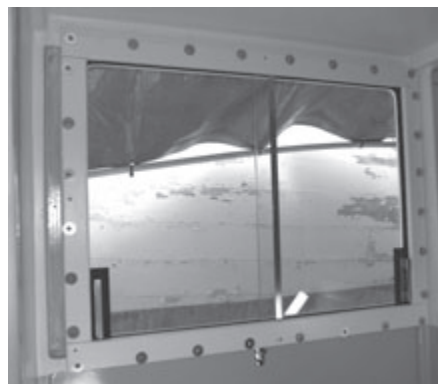


Speaking of sliding windows, these tracks are sourced from Hamilton Marine in Maine, of stainless, in single or twin track geometry for up to 1/4" glass, featuring nylon inserts for smooth sliding of glass panes and fuzzy non-scraping air gaskets like in car door window channels. Nice, not cheap, but what a blessing. They are used in the bottom, each end vertically and, of course, on top to guide the glass. No, there is no chicken and egg challenge getting glass, tracks and retention framing installed in the only doable sequence; it will be figured out really quickly! And when a pane is broken one can admire its spider-cracks... and why it is good stuff.

Assembling these sliding windows from scratch, it would be nice though to be able to lock the glass closed. I finally arrived at this solution, a nicely machined 1/4" barrel-bolt with bolt protruding on demand through a hole in the track to stop the glass from moving. Between grease in the barrel bolt, silicone around the track and the limited rain in the shadow of the roof overhang, a tiny bit of weeping tear drop seemed a modest price for being able to reliably lock the glass. Shown is just one such lock, but since both panes can slide past each other, the inside one needs locking, too, either through this lock or just a stick in the track. And yes, there's silicone between the ply retainers and the track to let that rain and spray collect outside and drain through those 3/4" holes.



The combination of stainless window track hardware, black painted framing surfaces, nickel grips and black tape outside looks unexpectedly decent. On both fixed and sliding windows those fender washers on their inside retainers take some getting used to for looks, but we'd want decent pull of the plywood framing against the frame and track pieces. Beyond that, both inside and outside, this one-off assembly of windows looks reasonably clean, should be reasonably sturdy, and can indeed be taken apart again piece by piece should the need arise.



Of course, this is just one way of addressing this issue. More to come on the project...

Ma Sold

Reminiscences in a Pecan Patch

By Jim Thayer

She's been talking about selling the place for years and warning me to get the yard cleaned up. I counter by telling her I'll start worrying when the sign goes up. Well, the sign went up and within a week we had a contract. The heat is on.

For thirty years I've been laying away stuff too good to trash or burn. I can't bear to put mahogany in the stove. I've got lots of scraps just big enough for a cleat, but how many cleats can you use? I've got everything but the proverbial box of string "Too Short to Save".

I can manage most of the stuff in the shop except for a monster bandsaw. It's the boats, hulls, and molds I've got to worry about. Let's take a look around and get some feeling for the magnitude of the problem.

Lookie down there by the creek. It's the "Superstar"! I got her for 75 bucks and some storage charge from a guy who was going to name her "White Diamond" after all the body putty he put on the keel. I drew the after end out about three feet, ran the frames up and sprung a sheer plank on her, then filled in the gaps and added a clipper bow. She looks sharp and I think she wants a schooner rig. She is sitting on a house trailer chassis that my Pa brought down from Michigan 45 years ago loaded with 3/8 five-ply AA fir plywood to build her out. He never got to it and in time I snuck it all into boats. A modern builder wouldn't believe such stuff was ever made. But I can't go on like this. We'd be out here all day.

Over here is the plug for the "Express Whitehall". She has some glassed in moulds and is on the heavy side. Just the ticket for the guy who wants a boat with some "carry".

Right beside her is the plug for the 19 ft. fan-tail "Mountain Girl". I was going to make a gaff topsail cutter out of her till Cortes Pauls traded me out for the "Sows Ear". Now he wants to hand her back for a fitted out "A Ducker"! If I don't get out of here soon he'll trade through the whole fleet.

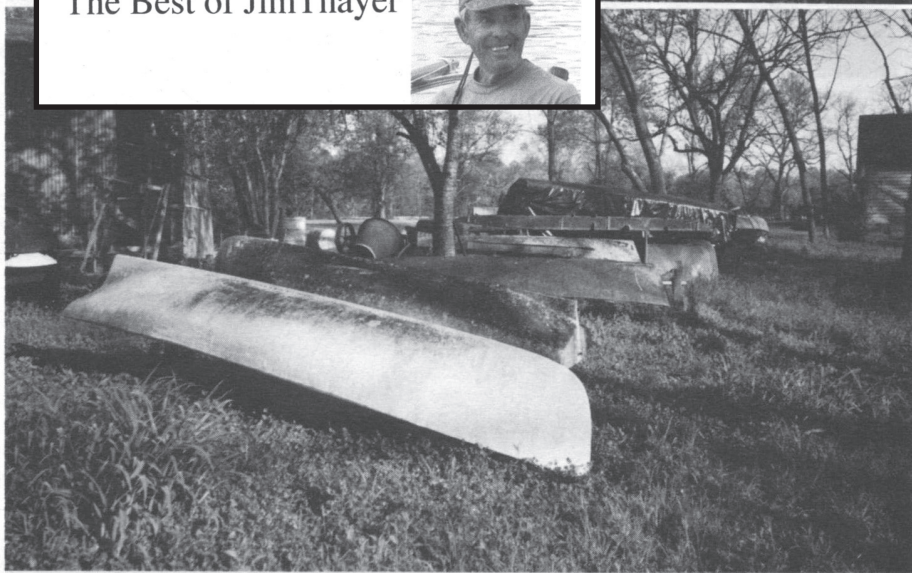
Just beyond this home-built trailer and the old grain drill is the original "Lil Pickle". She really ought to go to Mystic. She has been a perennial winner at Urbanna and St. Michaels. I'll hate to part with her.

Up the slope here lies the decked plug for the "Joli Fille". The hull is rough but the deck is nice. She is well balanced and fast. Sorta like a "Melonseed" but not enough to sneak in at the Constitution Cup.

Looming above all the little boats is the ferrocement "Endurance", 35 ft on deck. I had to raise the deckhouse to clear the monster 2 cylinder Petter diesel. It's rated 10 hp at 600 rpm! It would cost more to fit her for sailing than buying an old glass boat. She would make somebody a heck of a livaboard. I have a heavy emotional involvement with this gal but, there again, money talks.



The Best of JimThayer



From the top: Crud protected hulls in foreground, Isotope cat in back. A row of plugs and molds. The ferrocement "Endurance" with "Jolie Fille" alongside.

the Farm

Cuddled up behind the "Endurance" is a "Hampton One Design". Should be a good local market for her. I took her apart stick by stick and put her back together with epoxy, and a light ply overlay, then Vectra on the bottom. More energy than wisdom in those days. But, gee whiz, I'm now working on the "Sow's Ear". We never learn.

In this plastic shed tacked onto one side of "Endurance" is a nifty New York Whitehall nearly all decked over. Tons of storage/flotation and a built-in icebox. I built her for a non-sailor so he couldn't swamp her. She'd be a great single-handed cruising boat if you slept ashore. A perfect cocktail cruiser.

Starting around the back, here's a Bolger "Folding Schooner". She's all but done. I've just never gotten around to putting her in the water.

Next comes the "Nina" plug built for the "SBJ" article back when it was a boating mag. I had planned to make a little diesel tug out of her. During my little inventory it dawned on me that, with all her moulds in place, she is the perfect candidate for a stretch job. I can see her now, eighteen feet with a clipper bow, "Novia".

Over here is a cluster of moulds. A real problem. They won't bring much sold off one by one. We need a high-powered consortium or maybe a large glass shop with satellite small builders to fit them out. These are world-class boats, including the "Livery Whitehall", and are too important to be dispersed into the woods. Let's hear some proposals.

There is a new house back here and manicured lawn is lapping into the pecan grove. Stretching off into the jungle is a long line of hulls and plugs, "Pickles", "JF", "Livery", all covered with black crud, decorated with intricate patterns. All during the growing season the pecan trees produce a steady rain of sap which coats everything. It used to bother me but I have found that it makes a nice protective coating that readily washes off. The curious tracks are the work of snails with their busy radulae.

That's about it, oh, except for this honeysuckle covered mound. There is a storm damaged, bay built, plywood sloop under there. She's a cautionary tale. I got her from a partnership which wasn't up to repairing her. I only dealt with the guy who had the boat. An outboard was to be included and would have turned the deal from ordinary to juicy. Unfortunately I never caught up with the other half. She's a prime candidate for a Viking funeral.

Glancing around I note one odd bird that stands out from the flock, an "Isotope" catamaran. She has aluminum centerboards and is faster than a Hobie they tell me.

OK guys, I'm open to offers. Send for a list or give me a jingle. Remember, one can't have too many boats--well--unless, maybe, you have to move.

Jim Thayer, 2106 Atlee Rd., Mechanicsville, VA 23111, (804) 746-0674.



From the top: Suburbia creeping into the mold storage area. A clipper bowed "Star". Molds, cat and predatory houseyard.

I started college certain that I would someday become an architect, and the main distraction from this goal was frequent travel between Providence and Poughkeepsie to see my girlfriend. As chance would have it, this 300 mile round trip took me within a half-mile of the spot I have called home for the majority of my life, but I wasn't thinking about that at the time. As chance would have it too, both the girlfriend and the architecture didn't last long, but that's another story.

I was new to New England and was taking it all in when I traveled, so when my architecture professor assigned a paper on a church building of our choice, I selected one in New Hartford that I admired every time I passed.

It was the quintessential New England meeting house with the tall white steeple. The point of all this is that when I contacted the church to inquire about its history, the pastor wrote to inform me that it was basically a replica church, built quite recently. I recovered, played it safe and wrote about a striking modern church in my native St. Louis that I had watched being built.

The moral of the story is that when someone, or in this case a congregation, admires a time-honored design but can't find an example that fits their needs, they set out to build a replica. This has been happening with our antique boats since the mid-1980s, with mixed results. I've written about this in the past, but here's an update.

When I wrote for *Classic Boating Magazine* in the late 1980s, I asked and answered some questions pertaining to the choice between a replica and an original boat. Why settle for a "fake" when the real thing is available? This is a valid question even today, but was much more valid back then when there really were lots of old boats available. Now many models are nearly impossible to find in a "project" state, so the plea of the person who "looked and looked" and just couldn't find that dream boat is more understandable.

Back then I suggested that for every reproduction or replica built, there was a genuine vintage boat that would not be restored. It made sense then, but probably has been proven to not be the case in the long run. The hobby has grown enough to have room for both.

Back then I wrote about the Mona Lisa and paintings on velvet and the Antique Road Show, which draws a pretty hard line between real vintage items and fakes. They draw an even harder line when fakes are worn or smudged to look old. "Made to deceive" is the term most often used. This does not seem to be a big problem with boats, and at our

Replica Boats Revisited

By Boyd Mefferd

BSW show we judge "contemporary and replica" boats in separate classes.

So I was dismayed to read a featured article in a recent *Rudder* about a Hacker race boat, the year conveniently not mentioned. Being suspicious, I looked up the boat name and owner and sure enough, it was built recently. Back in the '80s I predicted that someday the line between originals and replicas would be blurred to the point where it is hard to tell the difference. I never thought that the A (stands for what?), C (stands for what?), BS (we know what that stands for) would be the one doing the blurring.

Classic Boating Magazine recently ran a long article about the Fish Brothers who make new mahogany boats primarily styled on desirable Chris Craft designs. Peter Fish is quoted as saying that the original 23' Customs like my *Logo* are too nice to use, so he provides the replica to bang around. I don't really agree with him, but I do see his point. What he does not address, however, is the concept that every replica built adds to the pool of boats and makes the originals just a little bit less rare and special.

Imitation might be the most sincere form of flattery, as Peter Fish tends to imply, but I think that replicas decrease the value of originals, not flatter them and increase their desirability. I surveyed one of the Fish built 23' barrel sterns recently and, although it was a nice boat, I found a lot of the nice little details lacking. Still, just as the young architecture student was confused, no doubt lots of boat show visitors will not really see the difference.

If you look under "Hacker" and "Hacker Craft" in the ACBS directory you will find 38% of the boats listed are from the '80s and on (the so-called Morgan Hackers), so replicas have proven to be popular with some people. What bothers me is that they are often seen as a natural continuation of the John Hacker tradition, so much so that the car guy author of a piece in *Hemmings Motor News* about Hackers claimed that the original Michigan company was "still in business."

I wrote him to (he never answered) that Hacker went out of business in the late '50s and the correct term is "back in business." "Still in business" should be reserved for people who continuously kept the doors open, not for people who decided to use an

old name for a new company.

Sometimes in the "Contemporary and Reproduction" class we see mahogany boats that are not designed to look like a particular brand or model of vintage boat but are design statements of their own. Like all designs, some are really ugly and others are spectacular. I surveyed a triple cockpit two summers ago that was a lot like a late '20s Chris but replaced most of the nice design features with boxy, clumsy details. I was not there to judge the aesthetics of the boat, but I was asked to give my estimate of its dollar value and the aesthetics killed it.

On the other side of the coin, I remember a strikingly beautiful 24' single aft cockpit race type boat that was a hit at the Newport Wooden Boat Show (prior to the show being taken over by *WoodenBoat* magazine) in the mid '80s. It was called a Zeb Craft and was totally designed, custom hardware and all, by Harvard Forden, reportedly built on order for Malcolm Forbes who never took delivery. It was for sale, or another could be ordered, for something like \$89,000.

This was an era when I sold 23' barrel sterns for \$20,000, so the price seemed absurd, but I never forgot the boat. Imagine my surprise opening the *2011 Classic Boating Calendar* and finding that this now 30-year-old boat still survives beautifully, and is as old now as the Rivas and Capris I sold in the mid '80s. They say that good design transcends time, and in this case it's true. Good construction helps, too.

I guess time and the changes it brings are the real subjects of this article. As genuine vintage hulls are found and restored, fewer are obviously available and restoration costs have risen as restorers need to make a living, pay their insurance and taxes and send their kids to college.

I will admit that replica boats do fill a need now. Their quality varies widely, more widely I think, than any quality difference between original Chris Crafts, Gar Woods and Hacker Crafts, but that's a risky article to write. I think that the inevitable blurring that I discussed needs to be controlled whenever possible, and I like it a lot more when old boat magazines stick to old boats and don't start promoting one product over another, but we have a free press in this country.

The New England church I wanted to write about was built to serve a need and not intended to fool. It only took in the naive architecture student. As long as replica and reproduction boats serve a need and don't become confused with the real thing, we should be OK.



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When Irish Eyes are Smiling

There was supposed to be a demonstration of Irish currachs at Mystic Seaport Museum on April 25th as part of the annual meeting of the National Maritime Historical Society so we went down to have a look. We'd seen a single currach at the Snow Row in February, which caught our interest, but then we learned that friends in the Cape Ann Rowing Club had purchased one of the traditional Irish craft that had been built at the Philadelphia Maritime Museum in March. This bizarre sort of pulling boat was suddenly becoming visible in our purview.

What's so bizarre about a currach? Well, it's a very roughly built boat in this era of carefully crafted elegant wooden pulling boats. It's essentially a basket of sticks covered with tarred canvas. Some are built entirely of wood, as was the one we saw at the Snow Row, but all are crude in construction. Their oars are also bizarre, narrow blades seemingly just thinned down ends of 3"x3" lumber, and they have this slab of wood attached to one side with a hole in it that fits over a piece of iron pipe thrust through the gunwales. Oh yes, these are roughly built, simple working craft from the old sod, but they work well and there are those who love them.

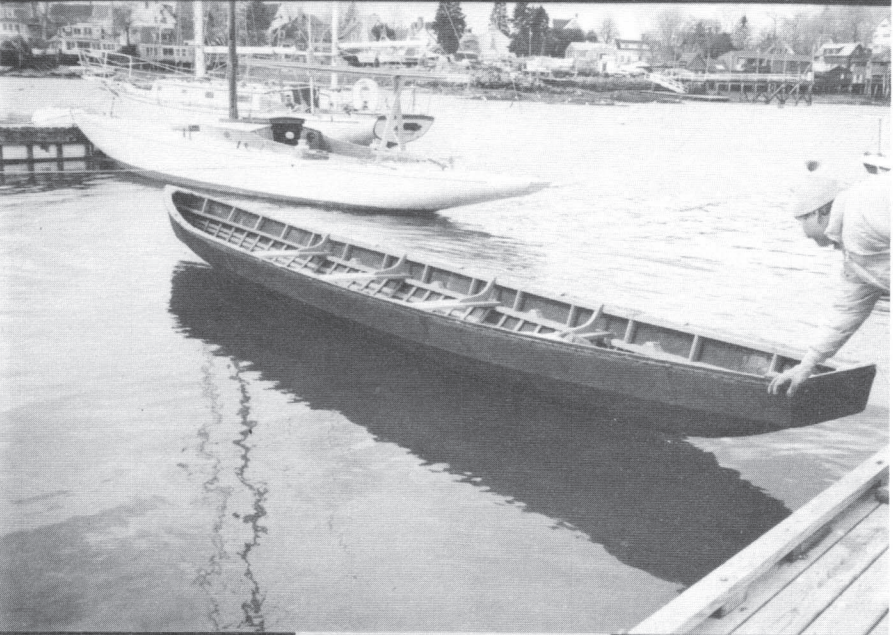
At Mystic, these were folks who belong to a Manhattan group known as the Brendan Project. Perhaps you are familiar with the story of St. Brendan's 8th century trip across the north Atlantic in a

hide covered boat, a trip recently repeated in a replica craft and subsequently published in the book, *THE BRENDAN VOYAGE*. April 25th was blustery and cold and only one of the four expected currachs turned up. Bringing it was its builder, Larry Otway and several of the group members. We happened to arrive just as Larry's friend, Jeannie Gilmore was lugging the odd looking oars across the street into the Museum grounds, so we struck up a conversation with her then, and continued it thereafter at opportune moments. Jeannie was a fountain of information about this particular subculture in messing about in boats. The one currach did get rowed about some but we were just about the only ones to observe the demonstration. Later in the day, Larry was to show slides to the NHMS meeting but we had other people to see after lunch.

In sum, there are about a dozen of these craft in the U.S. Most recently three were built in Philadelphia by Monty O'Leary from Dingle in County Kerry, Ireland. He was brought over funded by U.S. enthusiasts, the Philadelphia Maritime Museum, and Philadelphia Irish ethnic societies. The boats he built in the traditional manner of Kerry (they vary greatly in different parts of Ireland) were first carried in the St. Patrick's Day parade in Philadelphia, more as artifacts of Irish culture than as boats. Then they went to the lucky buyers who had ordered them. Larry Otway had worked with Monty on

the building. The New York group has four of the skin boats and one of wood. Others are in Philadelphia, Annapolis and Boston. A group called the North American Currach Association exists to coordinate racing amongst these during the summer. President Jim Gallegher of E. Lyme, CT, has bigger plans, though, for enlarging enthusiasm for the building and racing of these craft amongst what he refers to as, "the sleeping giant of 40 million Irish Americans".

Well, I had assumed this would be the base for this sort of boating, but Jeannie surprised us by saying that about 40% of the Brendan Project membership (totaling 45 in all) are not of Irish blood. Jeannie is, of course, as is Larry. Larry talks with that enchanting (to me, anyway) Irish lilt. Like all of us who love certain sorts of boats, he waxes eloquent when discussing his work building these boats. Our friends in nearby Cape Ann who now own one of the O'Leary/Otway built currachs, are Pat De La Chapelle and Ellen Higgins. Yes, Ellen has the Irish background. Pat's background is English, though. An interesting partnership. Having just taken possession, they are contemplating an appropriate name. Larry has suggested "Unlucky Moon", for it seems their boat is the 13th built in the U.S. and was completed on the 13th of the month. The Irish approach to this sort of bad omen is to confront it with a name which recognizes the omen's exist-



ence and then flaunts it.

One of the subtle things about these Kerry currachs is the color scheme. Outside is, of course, black tar. But inside we find the lower wooden strips painted orange, but from the chine to the gunwale, the wood is green. The oars feature orange blades with green handles. Green over orange is the color scheme. A sociological/historical reason for painting one's boat. The Irish have yet to rid their island entirely of 800 years of English occupation, but they certainly have their ways of expressing their independence.

Ellen and Pat have ambitious plans, for they are also active in the Sirens Scilly Islands Gig project now underway. Isn't one six oared pulling boat enough? No, the four oared currach offers interesting adventures also. The women have been to Ireland and seen the currachs raced there. They want to join in the racing, initially in the eastern U.S. events with New York, Annapolis, Philadelphia and Boston, then over to County Kerry for the action there. Women regularly row in these events.

The currach was not at all expensive. For something under \$1500 you can get a 26' four person pulling boat with 8 oars ready to race. It is a very seaworthy craft and despite its crude appearance, moves easily under oar. They are workboats that go back centuries in development, designed to lug stuff around with as little effort as possible. The Irish even carried cattle in them, by lining the bottom with seaweed and then having the cattle kneel on this cushion while being transported from island to island.

The rowing is different for one accustomed to sliding seat or even ordinary oarlock oar-on-gunwale craft. Spacing is close between oarsmen and the final power part of the stroke involves leaning well back. Thus getting hit between the shoulder blades is a very real possibility if the oarsmen are not exactly in synchronization. Also the non-feathering nature of the oars takes some habit breaking. Due to the narrow beam, there's a big overlap of oar grips, and there are priorities as to which oar goes above the other, depending on wind direction and turning plans.

Ellen and Pat are organizing a six woman team for the currach racing, desiring to have four totally committed oarswomen (including themselves) with two reserves. This all at the same time the same women are organizing to move from rowing the big French gigs and Monomoys to their own six-oared-with-cox Scilly Islands gig this summer. Pat says there are many women on Cape Ann very interested in multi-oared rowing and they need the boats to meet this interest.

Well I love the currach because I'm not much of a craftsman. I admire and value the craftsmanship that goes into traditional wooden boat building but am very comfortable with a boat that's a basket of sticks covered with tarred canvas, rowed with modified framing lumber. I just like something that is unprepossing in construction that works well. Like, I like an old truck more than an old limousine. A personal quirk to be sure. By describing the currach as something not of a high degree of craftsmanship, I do not mean to demean what Larry Otway and Monty O'Leary do. They have very special skills to build this boat, but fine fits and complex woodworking techniques are not amongst these. All the wood is in its sawn-out state, no planing or sanding. The canvas is nailed on with roofing nails. The seams overlap on the transom like wrapping paper on a carton. The tholepin blocks on the oars are just sawn out chunks screwed on with a couple of big woodscrews. The oar blades are just sawn down to shape and smoothed a bit with a drawknife. The paint is ordinary housepaint of the appropriate colors. The whole boat is put together securely and in a workmanlike manner, but not in the least fussy or fancy.

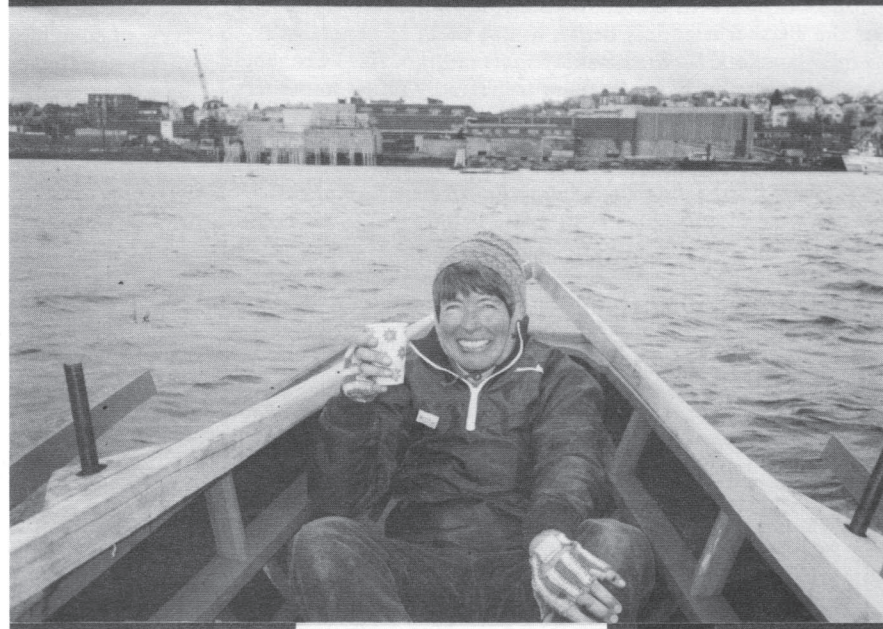
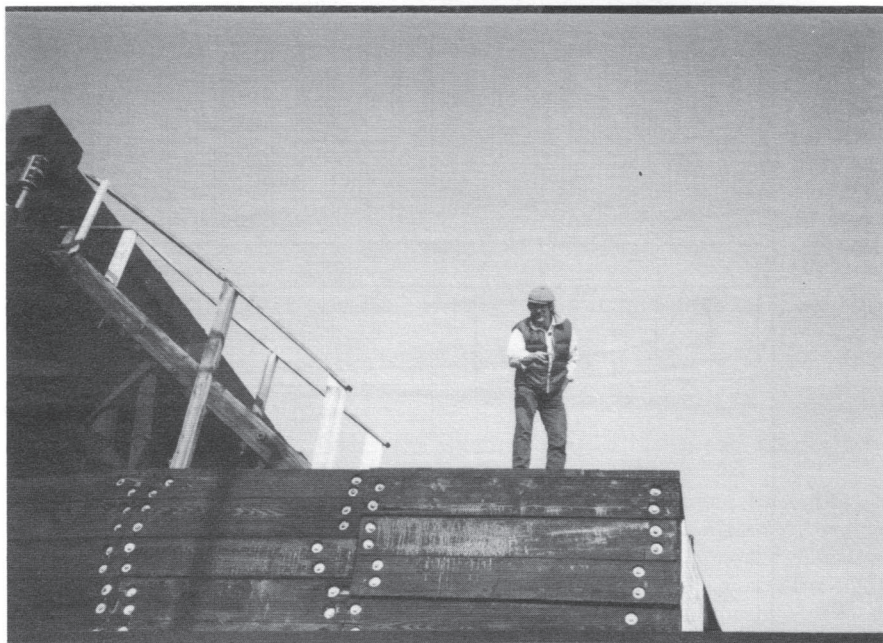
If spring (or summer) ever comes this year (it just snowed 6" here on April 28th as I write this) I hope to have a chance to row with Pat and Ellen for a first hand report on what it's like to mess about in a boat that's centuries old in concept but still works so well today. If you're interested enough in this heritage, read the following background that I've extracted from a 1938 British publication, MARINERS MIRROR, the journal of the Society for Nautical Research of Great Britain. I found it fascinating to know.

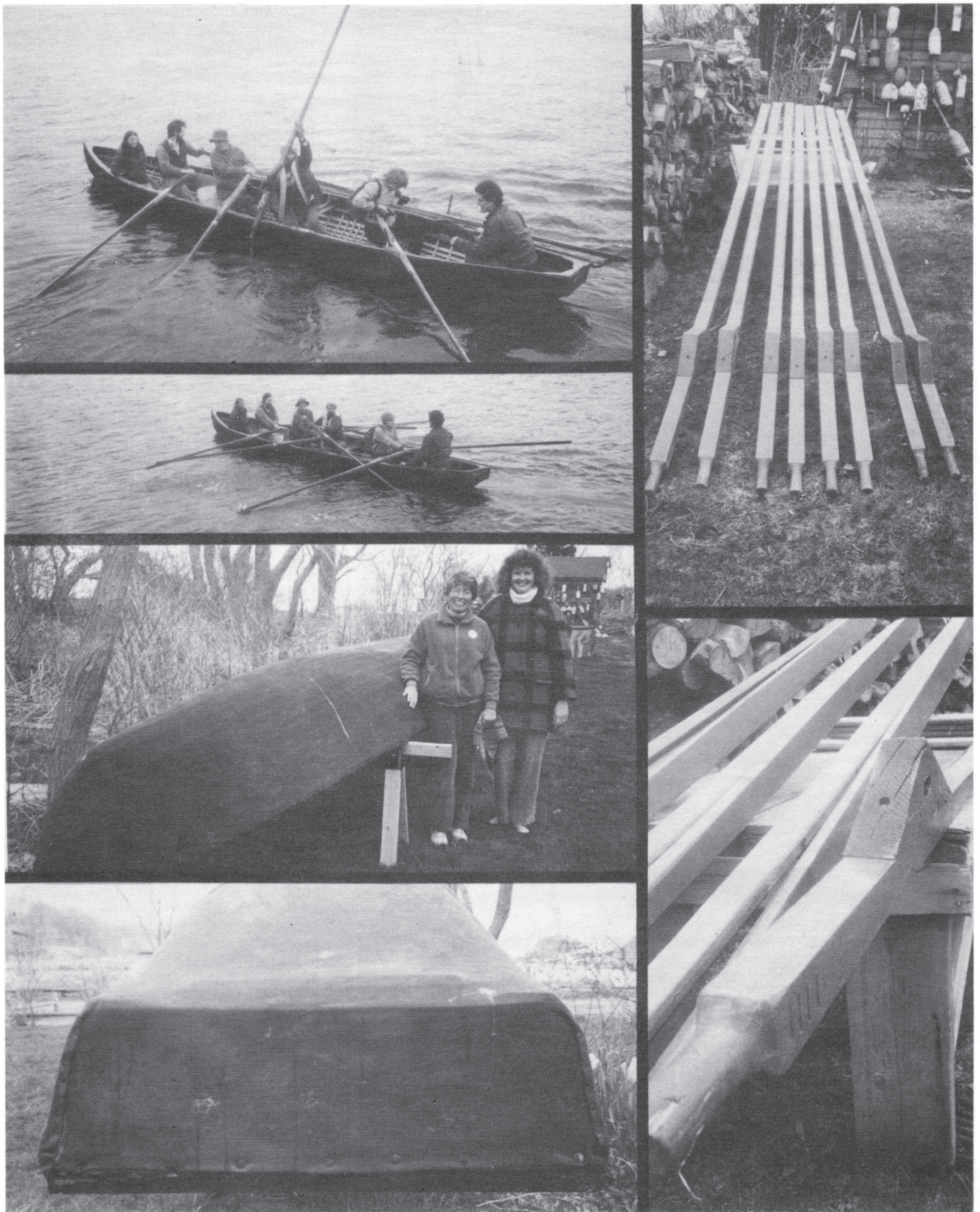
Should you be interested in the Irish currach, you can call Larry Otway at the Brendan Project at (212) 228-5147, or write to him at 80 St. Marks Pl., New York, NY 10003. Larry would be interested in building a currach, or model thereof, or in showing their slide show to an interested group.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks
Other Photos by Pat De La Chapelle*

Opposite page: The first Irish currach (in modern times?) arrives at Gloucester. Interesting juxtaposition with that classic wooden sloop!

This page: A lucky penny's tossed aboard while passing under the bridge. Builder Otway plays the pipes as co-owner Ellen Higgins smiles that Irish smile. Co-owner Pat De La Chapelle is all smiles too.





The Brendan Project currach from New York gets underway at Mystic. That #3 oarsman is still wetting his oar grips. Pat De La Chapelle and Ellen Higgins are awfully proud of a tarred canvas boat. Seam overlaps on transom, note roofing nails. The oars. Note tholepin holes in side brackets. Notches in grips denote position (III is 4th) as each pair varies from others in length.

It's not my fault. I have a problem, maybe even a disease. Yeah, that's the ticket. It's a medical problem. I can't control my urges, the urge to build another boat. That's right, you can all stop rolling your eyes and shaking your heads. I am building another boat. I have heard all the comments before. Another boat? Don't you have enough already? Where do you keep them? How many can you use? Sell them already! The decision has been made, it's a done deal, case closed.

The new apple of my eye and future occupant of my side of the garage is a new design. It is called a Deer Isle Koster. I first learned about this boat in *WoodenBoat* magazine's 2011 Small Boats issue. I know, a guy with my affliction should stay away from publications like this but I can't help myself.

The Deer Isle Koster was designed by Bruce Elfstrom of East Haddam, Connecticut. If this name sounds familiar it is because Bruce founded the Wooden Boat Rescue Foundation, www.woodenboatrescue.org. Bruce is a novice boat designer of Norwegian and Swedish descent. He has two daughters who enjoy sailing. He was looking for a boat that would be safe and fun for them to sail with good performance. Additionally, he wanted the boat to be light, rowable, beautiful and traditional with a glued lap plywood hull, a hull that would be stable. He also wanted a simple rig that would provide safe but adequate power.

His design worked out to have a little bit of a lot of different boats in it. He describes it as a Raider boat with a little bit of Danish Jolle, and a Swedish Koster, with Beetle Cat mixed in. This sounded like something I might be interested in. Safe, simple and fun. My kind of boat. After designing the boat, Bruce sent off the plans to boat builder Eric Friberg in Washington. Bruce had two of the boats built, one for each daughter. What a dad!

The boats were completed and sent to Deer Isle, Maine, where Bruce's family has a summer place. The boats sailed really

Deer Isle Koster

By Frank Stauss
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA



well but, as with any new design, had to be tweaked a bit. At this point he hooked up with boat builder Clint Chase of Portland, Maine. The two ironed out the problems, finalized the plans and developed a kit. The kit was finally ready for production this year.

The boat is glued lap construction of okoume plywood. The rig is a balanced lug with a small jib. The jib is set on a small roller furler for easy furling. The mast is designed to be a bird's mouth construction.

My kit arrived on March 16. Lots of sheets of plywood cut out by a CNC machine. My hull is #4. I am starting to feel better. Calmer, at ease. This is a good thing. I hope to finish by September, 2013. Remember, I consider this to be a marathon, not a sprint.



The particulars for the boat are as follows.

LOA: 14"
LWL: 13'4"
Beam: 5'3"
Draft, board up: 6"
Draft, board down: 3'8"
Weight: 200 lbs
Sail area: main 101sf, jib 20sf



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For scale, the boat's 14' long and about 4' wide. This shows the fitting of the mast. It's got a nice backwards rake. Really tiny, but you might be able to see the bow artwork... I have some wood filigree on the bow badge painted with gold paint. That accent stripe is a charcoal blue. All the wood is stained red oak covered in marine varnish.



The rear view shows the mahogany transom with its coats of varnish and the rudder setup. The stern badge has some more gold artwork on it. The tiller and rudder are made from laminated white oak with some mahogany pinstripping, done for me by the boat's designer, Arch Davis, in Maine. They were rough cut, so I did all the final shaping and finishing.



Side view of the rudder/tiller and stern badge with the filigree and a gold star.

Ransom 2

Almost Ready for Sea Trials!

By "Cap't Doug" Engh



Here's an nice closeup of the rigging on the rudder. Two lines to either side pull the rudder down into the water or raise it up for beaching. After this photo, I installed a couple of small oak cleats on the tiller to tie off the lines.



Here's a closeup of the bow showing some of the bronze work and the gold painted filigree on the bow badge. All that bronze came rough cast, so I had to do final finishing and polishing. That thing in the background is actually the stiff sail leaning up against the inside wall. It's a very dark red... very traditional.

This shows the new removable teak floorboards, fore and aft. I'm going to design some collapsible table legs to take with me beach cruising, the idea being I can remove the floorboard units and convert them into my own little "teakie" tiki lounge side tables.

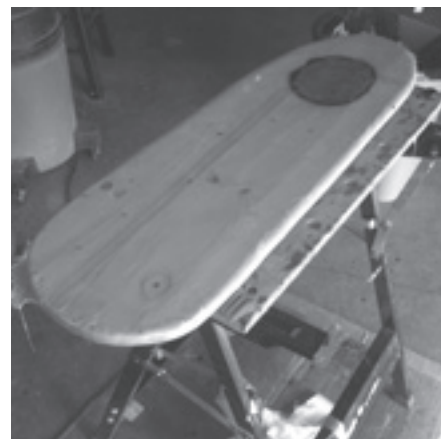


The packets on the seats are stainless steel and brass screws I use. The center section shows the new mahogany cap board on the raised centerboard case... the centerboard swivels inside that case and is controlled with a line that goes to the rear seat. I wonder if there's room for the golf clubs?

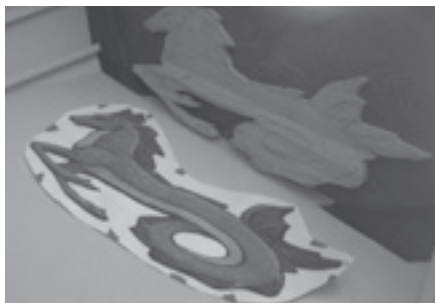
There's a horizontal oak plank towards the bow called the "mast partner." This holds the mast upright and carries four belaying pins to be used with the rigging. That hole you see under the bow is one of the flotation compartments. There's a watertight lid that screws over it. There's a second one under the rear seat. The side seats are also sealed watertight. Icebergs, oysterbeds, and pirates notwithstanding, this baby ain't sinkin'.



These are the finished oak halyard blocks I made from scratch. I downloaded some plans and internet photos showing how to shape and tie them, and tied them on the dining table. Kristanis a pretty good sport. They're made with unwound rope (rewound in a continuous circle) and whipping twine covered in beeswax. I bought the internal wheels (sheaves) and the brass rings online.



This is one of the remaining crummy jobs... the centerboard. It's about 3' long made from poplar. I melted down about five pounds plus of automobile wheel weights in the backyard, then poured the lead into the hole. The lead is at the bottom of the centerboard and the pencil circle marks where the pivot pin goes to hang it inside the centerboard case. It's designed to pivot up and down... down for sailing, up for rowing and beaching. After the lead cooled, I had to plane it flat, even with the board, and fiberglassed it to hold it all together. In this photo, you can see the raw edges of the fiberglass cloth. I'll sand this down, then cover it with another coat of epoxy to seal it. Once installed, this will probably never be seen again except for inspections.



Finally, the boat needs a soul. In this case, it's named after Kristan's old horse "Ransom," so I found clipart of a hippocampus... waterhorse. I then modified it so it would fit the inside of the transom, transferred the

lines to poplar boards and rough cut it on the bandsaw. For the past couple of weekends at home, I set up a little workstand on the back patio. I've been using a Dremel tool to contour the design and finish it. When done, I'll paint it the same colors as the clipart and screw it onto the inside of the transom. Above this, on a small section of mahogany, will go a small cast bronze name plaque that I'm getting from our good friends, the Mirandas, in New York City.

After all this is done, I still need to lace on the sail and get a trailer. I'm debating on installing a ship's bell and a cannon. Actually, I think in case of a pitched sea battle, grappling hooks and several bottles of well aged rum (and my portable tiki tables) will get my point across.

As I was doing this the end of December, the owner of the mini storage came by. Instead of admiring my work, he informed me I was in violation of the lease agreement by turning my storage unit into a wood shop. He gave me until February 1 to finish the project and clean it all up. He was well aware I have been doing this for almost a year. At least he was nice about it. Oh well... he could have stopped by six months ago when I wasn't close to being done.

I've got an offer from a wooden boat club near Orlando to have the christening there. Kristan and I will probably take it rowing here first, then go down to the club so we can modestly bask in their "awe and envy" as we pop the cork.

No longer just an amphibian undergrowth forest dweller, Newt is Warren Jordan's (of Jordan Wood Boats) latest creation. His designs have been flowing from his modest South Beach, Oregon, garage/shop for nearly 25 years. Throughout his career as a boat designer/builder he has built more than 50 boats and designed 25.

His recent design, Newt, I would venture to call a hybrid kayak/canoe with many desirable qualities integrated into the design from both kayak and canoe. Newt has the open compartmental space of a canoe yet, as in a kayak, the user sits in the middle for balance. The seat is a square, foldable, legless camping chair which is permanently fixed to the sole of the boat. The user then can adjust the side straps of the chair to lean forward or back to maintain comfort and balance while in the water. At first the seating arrangement seems like it might be uncomfortable and restricting, but after my first paddle my 6'8" frame and legs were very pleased and comfortable with the amount of room.

The paddle used is a kayak style paddle with 90° feathered blades to avoid windage, made from a closet rod dowel and excess pieces of plywood from the initial Newt construction.

The dimensions of Newt are as follows, 11'3" long, 4" draft, 18" tall and 40lbs finish weight. 11'3" and 40lbs!! This is an incredible one person loading vessel that does not exceed car top rack limitations or too many truck beds.

Floating Progress

By Jamie Holzgraf



Before we loaded up the truck for our test trial I had a good chance to look Newt over in detail, and I must say Warren is a true craftsman. The attention to detail in his design allows this very functional form to be easily built without compromising quality or hindering performance (which I was soon to experience). This examination helped me to recognize the time and thought that must have been put into designing Newt.

It was time to load up and I enjoyed watching 64-year-old Warren grip the port rail with left hand and reach over and grab the starboard rail with his right hand at mid-ship. He then quite effortlessly picked up Newt and slid her into the rear of his light-weight pickup truck. There are not many self built wooden vessels that a full grown adult can enjoy and lift/handle solo. Newt is truly the exception.

The one size fits all design was thoroughly tested as we floated (at separate times) a small lady, a 230lb man and finally a small lady and a 65lb dog. All test dummies, besides dog, were very satisfied and extremely impressed with the smoothness and ease of operation that Newt offered. Warren Jordan has definitely done it again in creating such an easy to build, functional and enjoyable craft. He has already been getting a good response nationwide from an article in this years Small Boat issue by *WoodenBoat Magazine*.

Be sure to see Warren's complete library of boats at Jordan Wood Boats, www.jordanwoodboats.net.





Gundalow COMPANY

Protecting the Piscataqua region's
maritime heritage and environment
through education and action.



Picking Up New Mast

Recently Captain Matt took the building crew on the *Piscataqua* for a quick trip up the river to the Kittery Point Yacht Yard in Eliot to pick up the new mast and the yard that were made over the winter at Paul Rollins' shop. Independent Boat Haulers brought the rig from Paul's shop to KPYY. Later we picked up the tanks and the head from Great Bay Marine. We are reminded daily how much we appreciate all the support we get from our local boat yards, many thanks again to all three of them!



Captain Matt with the compass donated by Great Bay Marine.

Volunteering Opportunities

This is an exciting season to volunteer with the Gundalow Company! New volunteers are always welcome to join the crew so please let us know if you're interested. RSVP to education@gundalow.org or (603) 433-9505 so we can provide details and a volunteer application. Upcoming opportunities will include teaching students, greeting guests, selling merchandise, crewing onboard, welcoming visitors, maintaining gundalows, staffing events, moving the *Adams* and more. We hope to see you onboard this season!

Independent Boat Haulers loading the yard at Paul Rollins' workshop.



The yard being loaded onto the *Piscataqua* at Kittery Point Yacht Yard.

Restorations of two 1994 APBY Cats are well underway and both boats will be moored in Arey's Pond for the 2012 season. We are also refinishing the cockpit and cabin on a Cape Cod Shipbuilding Cat and applying new topside finish and varnish to a 1960s Wianno Senior. In boat building, we are constructing an Open 16 that will be the first Lynx without a cabin to be moored in Arey's Pond!

Moving the service business inland to Rayber Road will have a great positive influence on the health and well being of Arey's Pond. We are hoping that by August the look

Conjurer.



Goings-on Around the Yard

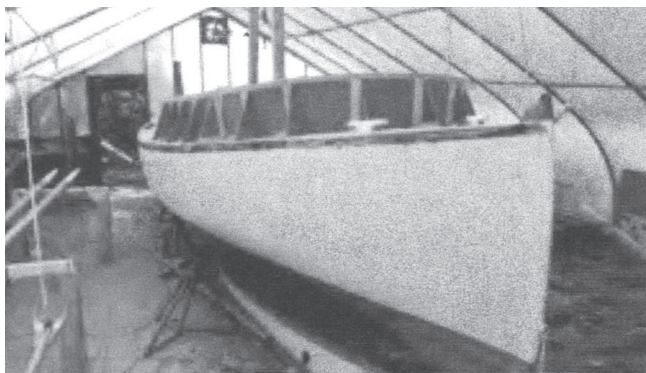
and feel of Arey's Pond will be where it will remain for many years to come, with another picnic table, more open space and a few choice

boats for viewing. Ultimately, we will have a center for our customers to store or rent paddle and rowing boats, including kayaks.

Don't forget to mark your calendar for our upcoming APBY Catboat Gathering Weekend on August 18. Help us to make this the BIGGEST gathering of catboats ever and to set a Guinness world record!

Thanks again to all of our customers, many of whom have been with us for over 20 years! Without their support and love of sailing, we would not be the boatyard we are today.

New shop on Rayber Road.



A MANUAL FOR SMALL YACHTS

BY

Commander R. D. GRAHAM, R.N.

AND

J. E. H. TEW, A.M.I.N.A.

SECOND EDITION

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED

LONDON AND GLASGOW

XXIV

RULE OF THE ROAD

The complete regulations for preventing collision at sea are given in all nautical almanacs, and you should study them at your leisure. Here are the most essential parts.

Sailing ships:

(a) A vessel which is running free shall keep out of the way of a vessel which is close-hauled.

(b) A vessel which is close-hauled on the port tack shall keep out of the way of a vessel which is close-hauled on the starboard tack.

(c) When both are running free, with the wind on different sides, the vessel which has the wind on the port side shall keep out of the way of the other.

(d) When both are running free, with the wind on the same side, the vessel which is to windward shall keep out of the way of the vessel which is to leeward.

(e) A vessel which has the wind aft shall keep out of the way of the other vessel.

Steam ships (which includes ships under power and sail combined):

The ship which has the other on the starboard side gives way. If meeting end on, each must alter course to starboard. An overtaking ship always gives way and a ship under power gives way to a sailing ship.

If you are proceeding under sail and power, remember that the other fellow does not know this, so show him in plenty of time what you are going to do.

If you have to keep out of the way of another ship the rules state that you should, if the circumstances of the case admit, avoid crossing ahead of the other ship.

The following rhymes for steamers are easy to remember:

Meeting steamers, do not dread
When you see three lights ahead,
Starboard wheel and show your red,
Green to green or red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead.
If to starboard red appear
'Tis your duty to keep clear;

Act as judgment says is proper,
Port or starboard, back or stop her.
When upon your port is seen
A steamer's starboard light of green,
There's not so much for you to do
For green to port keeps clear of you.
Both in danger or in doubt
Always keep a good look out.
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her, stop her, go astern.

Remember that having the right of way does not entitle you to ram; the critical point is when action by the "giving way" vessel alone will not avert a collision. If you do not then take necessary action you will be legally to blame; the "giving way" ship may or may not be to blame as well.

Note the lights carried by pilots and fishing craft. A black ball hoisted in the fore part of a ship is a signal that she is at anchor.

At night when you see a light approaching take a bearing and note whether the bearing alters; if it does you will go clear. By day note whether the approaching ship remains in line with the land behind her; if the ship falls astern of the line to the land you will clear; if she draws ahead or remains steady you may or may not clear according to the relative distances of the ship and the land.

At night, if in doubt, shine your torch towards the approaching ship and then on your own sails. Remember that the officer in the steamer can make little estimate of your distance when he sees your sidelights.

Be careful of your course when in sight of other ships and always alter course in plenty of time so that the other fellow knows what you are going to do.

A yacht when proceeding under sail and power should (but never does) carry a cone, point up in the fore part of the ship.

A ship hove-to is for the purpose of the rules a ship close-hauled on that particular tack.

XXV

TIDES

Any general explanation of the tides is beyond the scope of this book, but there are a few elementary points on which some yachtsmen are not clear.

High Water Full & Change, abbreviated to H.W.F. & C. is given on charts. It is the interval in hours and minutes between the moon's transit on days of full or change (new) of moon and the next high water. Since on days of full and new moon the sun, earth and moon are in line, the moon's transit occurs about midnight or noon. Hence on those days the H.W.F. & C. is the approximate actual time of high water.

The average interval between H.W. and L.W. is 6 hours 13 minutes; on successive days the tide is on the average 51 minutes later, but the daily increase in the time of H.W. varies between 15 minutes and 1½ hours.

Roughly when the tides are making (approaching springs) the interval is more than the average (lagging); when they are taking off (approaching neaps) the interval is less than

the average (priming).

If your tide tables do not give a constant for your port take the H.W.F. & C. from the chart and note the difference between it and the H.W.F. & C. for the nearest standard port of which the times of H.W. are given in the almanac. Use this difference as a constant.

If there is a great difference of longitude between your port and the standard, the time thus found will be the local time of your port (i.e. suppose the port and the standard were on opposite sides of the Atlantic), but this may be disregarded around the British Isles as there is always some standard port not far off.

We advise all yachtsmen to read and master some simple explanation of the tides; that given in Reed's *Nautical Almanac* is excellent. If you have not done so here are a few points to remember.

Distinguish between "rise of tide" and "range of tide". The rise of a tide is the height that the water rises above the level (datum) of the soundings marked on the chart.

The Range of a tide is the height between low water and the next high water.

Thus the spring rise is the same thing as the spring range, but the neap rise is much greater than the neap range.

The half tide level is always the same, and is equal to half the spring rise; each tide rises as much above the half-tide level as it falls below it.

To find the range of any particular tide subtract half the spring rise from the rise of that particular tide and multiply by two.

To find the depth at any particular time it is best to work from the half-tide level; find the range of the tide and note the number of hours before or after half-tide; then use the twelfths rule; remember the numbers, 1, 2, 3, 3, 2, 1. The tide rises this number of twelfths of its range in each hour from L.W. to H.W., i.e. $\frac{1}{12}$ of its range in the first hour, $\frac{2}{12}$ of its range in the second hour, and so on. Thus, say, an 8 ft. tide rises or falls $\frac{3}{12} \times 8$ or 2 ft. above or below the half-tide level after an interval of 1 hour.

Most almanacs include a table which solves this problem with greater, but unnecessary, accuracy.

On the south coast of England spring tides occur $1\frac{1}{2}$ days after full or new moon; on the east coast 2 days. This interval is called the "age of the tide".

Both times and heights of tides are affected by strong winds and the height of the barometer, but no satisfactory rule can be given for the amount. Predictions are usually correct to within 15 minutes and 1 ft.; in the absence of heavy gales they are almost certainly correct to within half an hour and 2 ft., except in a few special localities, such as Poole Harbour and the upper reaches of the Bristol Channel.

Soundings on Admiralty charts are usually reduced to ordinary spring tides. Exceptional spring tides may fall below this but, except in the Bristol Channel, the amount is small and may be disregarded. French charts are reduced to the lowest known tide. The datum is always given in the title of the chart.

If the neap rise is not given take it as $\frac{2}{3}$ of the spring rise.

Charts showing the tidal stream around the British Isles are given in Reed's and other publications; they are well

worth studying; very roughly, while the tide is rising at Dover the stream is running easterly up the English Channel; and southerly on the east coast, and vice versa. Where two figures are given the higher one is the rate at springs and the lower one the rate at neaps; if only one figure is given it means the spring rate, and in the absence of other information take the neap rate as $\frac{2}{3}$ of the spring rate.

If you have not the rate for each hour but are working from current arrows on the chart, or information from the Sailing Directions, the figures quoted will be the maximum rates at springs or neaps. For the first and last hour of the tide take $\frac{1}{3}$, for the second and fifth hours take $\frac{2}{3}$, and for the third and fourth hours take the full amount.

The average strength of a six-hour tide will be $\frac{2}{3}$ of the maximum, and the total drift will be $(\frac{2}{3} \times \text{max. rate}) \times 6$ miles.

XXVI

WEATHER

Recent work in meteorology has very much modified the older idea of depressions which is given in all but the latest textbooks. Greater importance is now paid to temperature changes and cloud formation. There is an entirely new "polar front theory"; get *A Short Course in Elementary Meteorology* by W. H. Pick (from H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, W.C. 2) and *Cloud Forms*. The *Seaman's Handbook of Meteorology* is out of print, and the *Barometer Manual* is of little use to yachtsmen.

For anyone wishing to take an interest in the weather we advise the purchase of a small-sized barograph which works quite well on board a yacht, though in bad weather it makes rather a jagged line.

It remains true, of course, that a falling barometer foretells an approaching depression, but a moderate fall does not necessarily indicate a gale. The depression may be shallow with only moderate winds. By itself we do not consider a falling barometer a good reason for staying in harbour; if the fall is rapid or excessive, of course, that is another matter.

If the barometer goes below, say, 29.6 get into shelter at all costs.

Your aneroid is likely to be much in error unless you have compared it with a mercurial barometer at the opening of the season. There are mercurial barometers put up in a conspicuous place in most ports; if your aneroid shows an incorrect reading adjust it by a little screw which you will find at the back. You cannot damage it.

If the wind backs from south-east with a drizzle and falling glass it generally means that the depression will pass south of you. A common course for the centre to take is up the English Channel (it seems to be attracted by water), so that, if you are on the south coast, the centre will pass close, and there will probably be a real snorter from the south round by east to north.

The average rate of progression of a depression is 17 miles per hour, and three days is a common time to pass over one spot. Secondaries may pass in 24 hours.

The yachtsman will generally listen in to weather reports

and gale warnings (see p. 74 for times). Do not let a favourable forecast allow you to omit a precautionary reef if lying at an open anchorage. We have been caught badly ourselves in that way. If there is a gale warning you should get into harbour, though very occasionally the gale will not happen.

A black cloud means a rain squall; very likely there will be wind as well, so reef down in time, even though you are becalmed. If you can see light sky under the "black arch" the squall will probably not be violent.

First rise after low
Indicates a stronger blow;
and Long foretold, long last,
Short notice, soon past.

These remain sound.

Red sky at night
Is the sailor's delight;
Red sky in the morning
Is a shepherd's warning.

This is often but not invariably correct. The bad morning sign is a lurid or unusual colour; pleasant rosy tints are just as likely to indicate fair weather.

Here are a few more weather signs given by F. Prout (*Yachting Monthly*, January, 1936).

A high dawn, i.e. when the first red flush is some distance above the horizon, foretells wind; when the first light is on the horizon it means fine weather.

A steely blue sky at daylight with a brassy look round the horizon indicates a strong wind, as does also a dark, gloomy, blue sky during the day.

Obviously a rising glass and blue patches of sky means that the depression is passing, but it may blow hard for another 12 hours or more.

Bright yellow at sunset foretells wind, pale yellow, rain.

High clouds travelling in a different direction from the wind indicate a shift of wind; scud driving across clouds foretells wind and rain; scud alone, wind without rain.

Halos round the sun or moon arise from the type of cloud that generally forms in front of a depression, and so are bad weather signs; but sometimes these clouds occur at the rear of a depression and so then a halo would be a sign of good weather.

Unusual visibility is a sign of rain, with perhaps wind.

If the rain's before the wind
Then your topsails halyards mind,
When the wind's before the rain
Hoist your topsails up again.

In practice you generally cannot tell which comes first, but where it is definite this "saw" gives a useful hint.

The phases of the moon do not influence the wind.

It is a real fact that the wind lulls at night, but when a depression is passing this effect is generally masked.

We insert the Beaufort Scale for reference.

With very great diffidence we suggest that the criterion for smacks is wrong and should be altered as follows:

Force:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 5 | Best sailing wind. |
| 6 | Smacks strike topsails. |
| 7 | Smacks take in one reef and cease fishing. |
| 8 | Smacks close reef and seek harbour. |
| 9 | Smacks heave to. |

Uffa Fox suggests that wind 25 miles per hour, i.e. force 6, is the most advantageous for sailing. He gives an instance of *Blue Nose* sailing at 13.5 knots with every sail set in wind 25 miles per hour. Later the light canvas was taken in, and she sailed at the same speed in the same wind. This may be correct for large yachts, but for small ones force 5 is quite enough.

In the following table we give a provisional criterion for yachts; it would be of great interest if other yachtsmen would make notes on this subject.

BEAUFORT SCALE FOR YACHTS

0	Calm.	No steerage way.
1	Light air.	Just steerage way.
2	Light breeze.	Yachts handle comfortably and sail 2 to 3 knots.
3	Gentle breeze.	Yachts sail 3 to 4 knots.
4	Moderate breeze.	Yachts sail 4 to 5 knots with decided list and some motion; white tops appear on waves.
5	Fresh breeze.	Yachts sail at their maximum speed but are uncomfortable if close-hauled. Topsails and light canvas taken in.
6	Strong breeze.	Yachts reef mainsails.
7	High wind.	Yachts close reef, can just continue sailing to windward and make slight progress.
8	Fresh gale.	Yachts heave to.
9	Strong gale.	Yachts lie "a-hull" or to a sea anchor.
10	Whole gale.	(Yacht crews become desperate.)
11	Storm.	
12	Hurricane.	

The yachts on which the above table is founded are able gaff-rigged ships of from 7 to 10 tons. Smaller craft would reef earlier and larger craft might carry on longer. In a Bermudian the first reef would be equivalent to furling the topsail.

It's about time



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SPECIFICATION OF THE BEAUFORT SCALE OF WIND FORCE WITH EQUIVALENTS OF THE NUMBERS OF THE SCALE

Beaufort Number (0)	Description of Wind (1)	Specification of Beaufort Scale		Limits of Speed Nautical Miles per Hour (4)	Mean wind force in lbs. per sq. ft. at standard den- sity. (5)
		For Coast Use, based on Observations made at Scilly, Yarmouth, and Holyhead (2)	For use on Land, based on Obser- vations made at Land Stations (3)		
0	Calm.	Calm.	Calm; smoke rises vertically.	Less than 1	0
1	Light air.	Fishing smack ¹ just has steerage way.	Direction of wind shown by smoke drift, but not by wind vanes.	1-3	·01
2	Light breeze.	Wind fills the sails of smacks, which then move at about 1-2 miles per hour.	Wind felt on face; leaves rustle; ordinary vane moved by wind.	4-6	·08
3	Gentle breeze.	Smacks begin to careen, and travel about 3-4 miles per hour.	Leaves and small twigs in constant motion; wind extends light flag.	7-10	·28
4	Moderate breeze.	Good working breeze; smacks carry all can- vas, with good list.	Raises dust and loose paper; small branches are moved.	11-16	·67
5	Fresh breeze.	Smacks shorten sail.	Small trees in leaf begin to sway; crested wavelets form on inland waters.	17-21	1·31
6	Strong breeze.	Smacks have double reef in main sail. Care required when fishing.	Large branches in motion; whistling heard in tele- graph wires; umbrellas used with difficulty.	22-27	2·3
7	Moderate gale. ²	Smacks remain in har- bour, and those at sea lie to.	Whole trees in motion; in- convenience felt when walking against wind.	28-33	3·6
8	Fresh gale.	All smacks make for harbour, if near.	Breaks twigs off trees; gener- ally impedes progress.	34-40	5·4
9	Strong gale.	Slight structural damage occurs (chimney pots and slates removed).	41-47	7·7
10	Whole gale.	Seldom experienced inland; trees uprooted; consider- able structural damage occurs.	48-55	10·5
11	Storm.	Very rarely experienced; ac- companied by widespread damage.	56-65	14·0
12	Hurricane.	Above 65	Above 17·0

¹ The fishing smack in this column may be taken as representing a trawler of average type and trim. For larger or smaller boats and for special circumstances allowance must be made.

² In statistics of gales prepared by the Meteorological Office only winds of force 8 and upwards are included.

Note.—The speeds in column (4) refer to a height of about 30 feet (10 m. approximately) above ground in an open situation. [For other heights approximate corrections are for 50 feet add 10 per cent, for 100 feet add 25 per cent; for 20 feet subtract 10 per cent, for 10 feet subtract 20 per cent, for 2 feet subtract 30 per cent.]

My Rule 1000 bilge pump had one of the four “latches” that holds the blue bottom to the red top part break. This meant that the water went out the side of the pump instead of into the hose. I went on the web to see about contacting Rule Industries, Inc. to get a new part, only to find that they do not have a website (or it is well hidden).

All I could find were a number of vendors who would sell me a new pump. It is not good that I had to purchase a new pump when all that is needed is a part. This is unlike my very old Guzzler hand pump that needed some new flapper valves. I contacted the manufacturer and ordered the repair kit at a reasonable price. I found it noteworthy that shipping of the repair kit via the Post Office was less expensive than UPS.

I commented to the local marine store manager, as I was paying for the replacement pump, about the inability to purchase a replacement part for the pump. He suggested that if all that was wrong with the pump was the busted “latch” that I use a very long/wide wire tie and snug the top to the bottom tightly. The idea has merit over the “quick fix” with duct tape that I used at the time.

The new pump had “user instructions” with it but the instructions were not for the pump in hand. Back to the web and more searching. None of the vendors I contacted previously for the part or some additional ones had the instructions for the Rule 1000. They had the generic instructions only.

However, one of them sent me the phone number for Rule’s technical support. I called the number and talked to a very knowledgeable person who knew about the pump, the problem with taking it apart without breaking anything (he had a couple of good suggestions) and found the old user instructions for the Rule 1000 (actually the 800 and 1000 combined). He sent me a PDF file of

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

the instructions. Now I have the pump and instructions.

When I read over the instructions, I realized that I could have fixed the initial problem by turning the power (red part) a quarter turn and using the other set of latches on the blue (bottom) section. Oh well, live and learn.

I reported that I ran my usual “dock test” before taking some potential buyers out on our Sisu 26 and reverse failed the test. I sent out the question of “what should I be looking for” to a boating list and received some very good advice as to what could be wrong. In case any of you have heard a “thunk, thunk” and have heavy vibration in your boat, consider the following things to check.

First, someone goes swimming and checks the prop for fore/aft play and/or something wrapped around it (did that same day). Second, are the engine mounts sound and everything connected tightly? Third, is the connection between the transmission and the drive shaft tight? Fourth, check the packing gland/cutlass bearing part of the system (if you have either or both on the boat).

Then, if everything looks all right and the prop is not entangled in something, the next recommended step was to disconnect the drive shaft from the transmission. Start the engine and then run it through the forward, neutral, reverse sequence and see if there is a noise in the transmission. If no noise in the transmission, back to the shaft, bearings and prop. One person noted that the transmission may have to be “under load” to get the noise and it may

take two or three people watching and listening to find where the problem is located.

In my case, the mechanic determined that the sound was coming from inside the transmission. Happily, the transmission can be pulled from the boat and overhauled (had to replace the drive flex/damper plate). Oh, the joys of boat ownership!

I took all the old flares I had found on the boat (handheld, parachute and meteor) plus an ancient dye pack off to the monthly hazardous materials collection. All went well until they opened the plastic bag with the orange dye marker. One of the hazmat people then had orange dye on his gloves. But they took everything with no questions or problems. I am not sure what they will do with the two old float switches that each contain a tube of mercury that I will take to them next time I go.

I was reading through a marine catalog the other day and noticed the wide selection of anchors. When I am showing our Sisu 26 to potential buyers, I have two anchors on board. One is a standard Danforth and the other is a Northhill folding U-12. Anyone interested in purchasing the boat is offered their choice of anchors.

However, one consideration is on what kind of bottom will they be anchoring the boat most of the time. A piece of advice I picked up along the way in boating and passed on was to see what the commercial fishermen in their area are using as the “standard” anchors for their boats.

Do you own a really BIG screwdriver, one that can be used as a pry bar when such is needed and there is not enough clearance for a normal pry bar? I was tightening the alternator the other day and ran into the problem of the pry bar being too big for the space available. I do have a big screwdriver (two, in fact). The one I use as a backup pry bar has a broken tip, but it works just fine when needed to pry something.

As president of the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) chapter of the Navy League, I receive a plethora of Navy journals, magazines and other information. The most recent edition of *Seapower* contained a revelation of technology and science recently discovered by the finest naval engineers in response to the declining budgetary support for naval ships.

Some readers who may have served in the Coast Guard or the Navy know that steel hulls and salt water make a miserable match. Ships constantly need scraping and painting to lessen damage from rust as every photo of a Navy ship notes. Not only are those rust streaks unbecoming, they are destructive. Every newbie seaman has enjoyed the pleasure of scraping and painting in the time consuming maintenance of hulls. Furthermore, steel ships are notoriously weighty. The current construction consists of modules that are so difficult to move that only a few sites in America can transfer hull sections in spite of the easy-on/easy-off concept of marine building.

Among the recent attempts to develop better, lighter ships requiring less maintenance, the Navy used aluminum or even titanium. Unfortunately, as seen on the *USS Stark*, aluminum burns easily. Aluminum and titanium are fairly expensive vis-à-vis steel; therefore, the finest of MIT, Cal Tech and civilian ship builders’ engineers searched for newer concepts.

With great bravado and limitless enthusiasm the Navy issued its Special Report on maintenance free hulls. In the March 2012 issue of *Seapower*, the Navy and Hunting-

Special Report from the US Navy

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

ton-Ingalls Industries stated that they “discovered” VARTM or Vacuum Assisted Resin Transfer Molding.

“We place layers of carbon fiber material over the balsa wood core, then seal with a plastic vacuum bag connected to the resin system. When we evacuate all the air and pull a vacuum on the bag, it draws the resin in,” said director of fabrication Jay Jenkins of HII. “With composite hulls, there is no rust; therefore, crews can be smaller and concentrate on warfare without spending precious time and energy on maintenance.”

Wow. I almost jumped out of my skin with excitement. How have we managed without this “modern” technology? Should we be publishing this new technology in public journals? No doubt scores of MIT PhDs, Cal Tech engineers and naval architects spent immeasurable hours generating this system, unaware that readers of *Popular Science* were using that to make rowboats, canoes and little sailboats as lng as a half century ago.

As a sailer of a small craft, I have been using balsa and epoxy for years to repair my occasional mishaps such as smacking into rocks, jetties, docks and other boats. After my first two major holes which cost me significant

sums that I did not have floating around (actually, my billfold was at the bottom of the lake), I learned how to mix epoxy resins and mold stuff myself. Interestingly it was about ten years ago. Gee, just think what a help I would be to the Navy research and development.

Unfortunately, when I was in Uncle Sam’s Canoe Club they just plopped me behind a desk facing mountains of encrypted communications and told me to solve them. After I spent four years reading the *Washington Post* and doing crossword puzzles and breaking not a single message, they awarded me a Letter of Commendation and a discharge. Boy oh boy, did they miss what I had to offer. I could have designed all sorts of new hull models based on the minds of the greatest naval warfare architects such as Dynamite Payson, Mississippi Bob Brown and Jim Michalak.

Robb White could have developed a new Littoral Combat ship or Joint High Speed Vessel with such ease and cost reduction that we would not have the current military budget crisis. Heck, I bet he could have built such ships on the beach in half the time Ingalls could in their massive shipyard. West Marine would have been primary materials support, Hamilton Marine back up and manuals could be from *MAIB* and *Latitudes and Attitudes*. Put Dan Rogers at the helm and C. Henry Depew as Officer in Charge of Ship Preservation and then we could tell our Arab friends to keep their oil.

Naval Engineers? I am surprised we have evolved beyond the *USS Monitor*.

Messing About in Boats, June 2012 – 49

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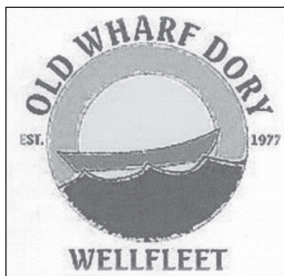
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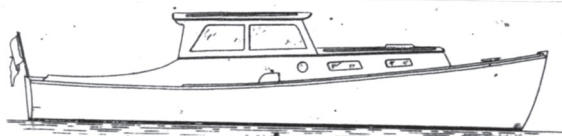
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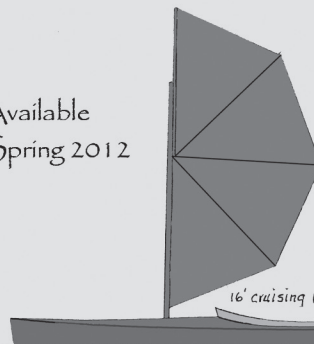


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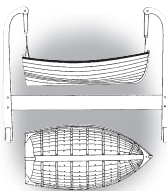
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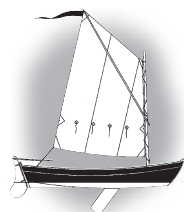
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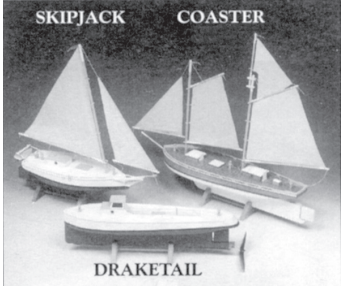


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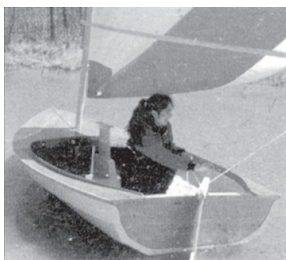
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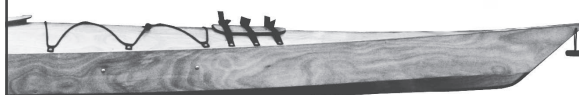
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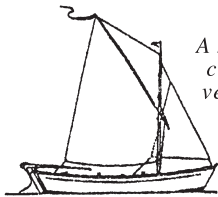


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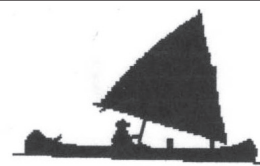


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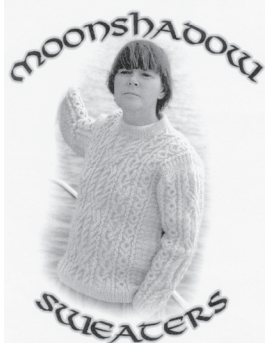
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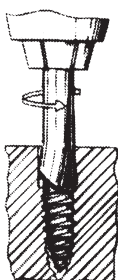
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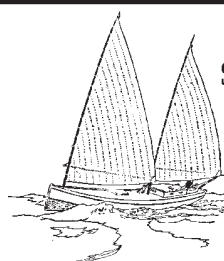
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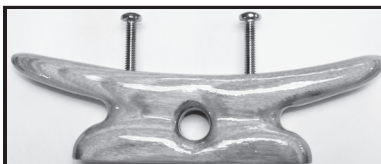
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19'6" Rescue Minor Skiff, by William Atkin, launched March '09. Shallow draft (8"). Hull is composite encapsulated w/epoxy, outside hull & decks covered w/6oz cloth for low maintenance. Frames trim grade KDAT southern yellow pine. Bronze fastened (yes, Virginia, the shelves & deck beams are fastened w/HD galv bolts). Chines & sheer clamps steam bent yellow poplar. Stem, box deadwood, engine beds all 2" mahogany. Hull planking fir marine plywood sides 3/4" (2 layers 3/8"), keel 1-1/2" 2 layers 3/4"). Engine Yanmar 3 GM 20, 20 shaft hp, 2.61 reduction gear. 13" 3-blade bronze prop protected by grounding shoe. Bronze stern tube & PYI drip-less packing gland. Custom tiller steering. 26gal welded aluminum Diesel tank. Fuel consumption less than 1/2gph. Battery is Interstate Group 27 w/main switch. Electrical bonding system. Wiring connector's heat shrunk tagged & numbered. 2 bilge pumps, 1 manual & 1 automatic/manual. Florida title & registration. Ritchie Power Damp compass, Garmin GPS 182 color. Navigation lights, horn, fuel gauge, rod holders, rod storage rack, dry storage in bow. Deck cleats, bow eye, stern lifting eyes, Engine box, console cover. 1st Place Winner, '09 Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival; Florida Maritime Museum, Cortez, FL April 18th. Best In Show. Launch '09 Apalachicola Classic Boat Show; April 25th. Custom built galv trlr. Can deliver all or part-way for reasonable mileage. This could be your great grandchildren's boat. A video taken from this boat can be seen, Google: youtube Blackwaterbm1 and select the TuckerBayouFL video. Located in NW FL. Asking \$ 39,000. CAPT. DAN, (850) 499-5000, captndan50@hotmail.com (7)



'94 Helton Marine Solo 2, 17'x7'4"x2'. Modern concepts applied to a catboat; rotating reef/furl composite mast, winged ballast keel, running lights, Fortress anchor/tackle, '03 5hp 4-cycle Honda, '05 Hood sail, ss hdrwr, transom ladder, mast crutch, Venture galv trlr. \$4,200. MACE BELL, Clinton, CT, (860)669-2177. (7)

23' O'Day Sloop, ca '73, vy well constructed. Slps 5, sitting headroom in 2 cabins. Roller furling, 9.9 ob (35hrs). New trlr w/surge brakes. \$3,600. DOC CASS, Central ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com (7)

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Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



12'6" Marisol Skiff, gunter sail rig w/Trailex trlr, lateen sail rig, 2 hp ob. \$2,500obo. **Pacific Watersports Thunderbird**, w/BSD sail rig, lateen sail rig w/Trailex trlr, Trailex kayak cart available. \$1,500 OBO FLOYD BEAM, (267) 968-0144, fwbeam@gmail.com (7)

Chesapeake Light Craft Passagemaker, strongly built for rowing. 2 years old. Vy light use. \$850. **Bolger Light Dory**, vy well built w/advice from Dynamite himself. See photo in May-June, 2012 *WoodenBoat* "Launchings". \$800. Oars also available. Both built of epoxy over marine plywood. email for photos. Located in NYC. MARTIN SCHULMAN, Woodside, NY, (917) 559-5805, martinbarn@hotmail.com (7)

Swampscott Dory, right out of Gardner's *Dory Book*. White cedar planks, white oak frames, copper riveted. Sails, 1 pair 8' oars, 3 rowing positions, electric troll motor, bilge pump (only needed for rain water) & life jackets. Trailerable on simple utility trlr. \$750 for the above or \$1,000. w/large tire utility flat bed trlr. BOB GUESS, Norfolk, VA, (757) 440-1101, bob-guess@cox.net (7)



12' Peapod, glued lapstrake construction. Featured on cover of Sept/Oct 2011 issue of *WoodenBoat*, & in the subsequent 2 issues. In new cond, w/fresh paint & varnish. 12'x4'x85lbs. \$3,000 w/sailing rig, \$2,250 w/o rig. ARCH DAVIS, Belfast, ME, (207) 930-9873. (7)



18' Yawl, full keel, shallow draft (19"). Built '05. 4hp 4-stroke Nissan. EZ Loader trlr. Walker Bay dinghy. Many extras. \$6,900. **Bolger 15'6" "Surf"**, good spars, sail, leeboard & rudder. Hull needs some work. \$350. DORIE KLIMSHUK, S. Orleans, MA, (508) 255-7411. (7)

13-1/2' Jim Thayer Livery Whitehall, w/7-1/2' Shaw & Tenney spoon oars & galv trlr. This classic was delivered by Jim & Jan in March '93 & has brought many hours of pleasure. In exc cond, vy little use in past 10 years. Asking \$2,000obo. DAVE WARNER, Saranac Lake, NY, (518) 891-2222. (7)



Catbird 16 Sharpie Daysailer, easy to sail cat/ketch rig, great beach cruiser. Professionally built, well kept. Canvas cockpit cover, solid mahogany seats, floorboards, rails. No varnish. \$6,950. Photos from handywoman505@yahoo.com. VIRGINIA GERARDI, (631) 604-5424. (7)



San Francisco Super Pelican, 2010, 4hp 4strk Merc, brite, snug interior w/bunk and Newport solid fuel heater. Self bailing cockpit, SS standing rigging, solar panel charger, galv trlr King 2009, sails by Gambell & Hunter, lots of equipment. LOA: 23' Draft: 1'30" w/CB. Get spec sheet at www.JonesportShipyard.com, or call (207) 497-2701. (6)



21' Dovekie #80, by Edey & Duff '83. Ultra shoal draft cruiser. Incl Edey & Duff galv trlr, 50lb thrust electric motor, tanbark sail, oars, compass, canvas dodger & canopy, anchor & other misc items. \$3,500. BOB WILLIAMS, Mathews, VA, (804) 598-6286, baybound725@aol.com (6)

25' Laurent Giles Vertue Cutter, new set of sails, set up for o/b. Needs work, sound. \$4,000. **Custom Sloop**, fg hull w/wod spars & cabin, 15hp Volvo engine (seized), sails & cushions. Needs cosmetic & engine work. Exc lines, in water. \$1,900. JOE FITTIPALDI, Rio Grande, NJ, (609) 992-6612 (6)



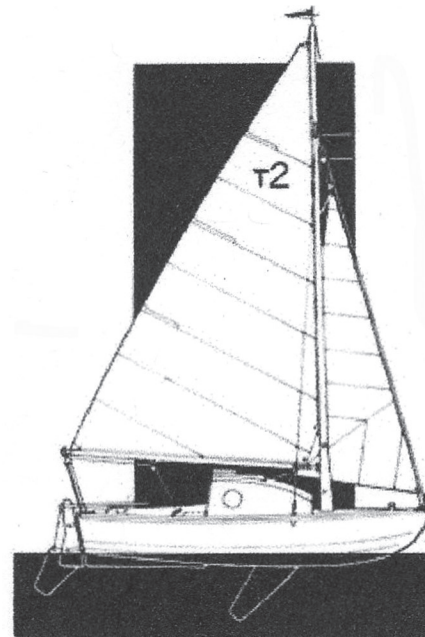
Beetle Cat #1763, w/2 sails & trlr. Vy gd cond w/ both sail & cockpit covers. Built by Leo Telesmanick of Concordia Yachts. Asking \$4,900. Located WI. **17' Whitehall**, beautifully finished sailing & rowing sloop. 3 rowing stations w/3 sets of custom oars. Orig main & jib & new Dacron main. Trlr incl. Asking \$2,500. Located WI. Beautiful **'58 Douglas & McCloud Thistle Sloop**, exc cond w/ main, jib & spinnaker. All running gear, cover & trlr incl. Asking \$2,000. Located WI. JON R. ANDERSEN, Lake Forest IL, (847) 234-8655, Carowayl@gmail.com (6)



In Stock for Sale, Columbia Tender 11'6", Gloucester Gull 15'6", 2 piece nesting dory 13'. DAMIAN McLAUGHLIN, MA damian.j.mclaughlin@gmail.com (6)



Coot 27' William Atkin Skipjack Schooner, vy gd cond. Marconi main, gaff fore, jib on a furler. Atomic-2 low hours. 2 burners & a sink, head. Sails older but in vgc. Spruce spars & mast. Mast may need refinishing. Steel cradle. Lots of extras. Stable, seaworthy, a beautiful sailer. Asking \$9,500. Located Buffalo, NY. GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, (716) 681-1315, grundty@fantasiadesign.com (6)



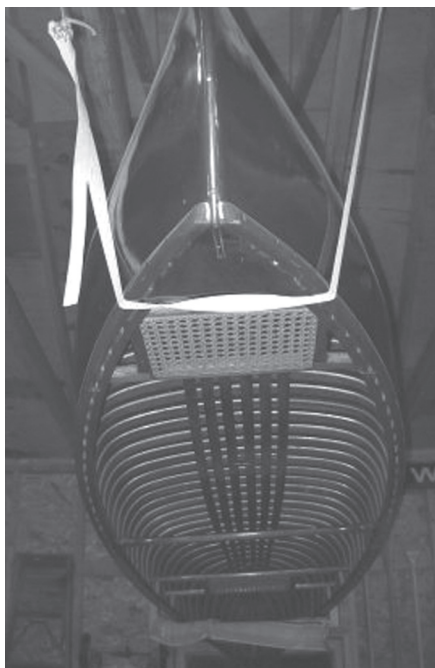
Remember Tinkerbelle, the Old Town sailing dinghy that was given a tiny cabin and sailed solo across the Atlantic in 1967? Here is a copy of that famous little sloop; an identical Old Town dinghy decked over with a rounded cabin, and a new trunk and bigger steel centerboard and rudder. She has her mast in a tabernacle and her bottom sheathed for dry-sailing; she can live on her trailer. She was nearing completion a few years ago when her owner had to give up his dream of sailing her in the Gulf of St. Lawrence (he grew up boating around Bonaventure Island). She is ready to have her new decks canvassed and to be finished and rigged. Sails have been designed by Douglas Fowler. I am looking for a buyer to take over the existing boat at a price far below cost and support the final work for early or mid-summer launch. MASON SMITH, Adirondack Goodboat, (518) 624-6398 or masonsmith@frontiernet.net (6)

'76 Boston Whaler Montauk 17, w/'81 90hp Evinrude tilt & trim. '03 galv EZ Loader trlr w/ keel rollers & bunks. Custom mooring cover, etc. New hull design in '76! Asking \$6,000, obro. LYNN SAABY, Upper Nyack, NY, (845) 358-3296, lsaaby@earthlink.net (6)

22 1/2' foot Pearson Ensign, hull #1536, draft 3', dark blue hull, white boot stripe & green bottom in gd cond on storage trlr for short trip to marina. Sails: main, jib, genoa. Battery & bilge pump. Reliable '90 4hp Johnson longshaft o/b. Custom cockpit cover by Ensign Spars. Brightwork in vy gd cond, Danforth anchor & rode, 3 fenders, bulkhead mounted compass. Large cockpit over 8' long, cuddy cabin w/2 berth flats. Great & safe family daysailer. Asking \$6,000. PETE VENTRE, Cumberland, ME, (207) 653-4447, pventre@cfaw.com (6)

14' Penn Yan Seagoer Trail Boat, Serial #WSG4960, built '49. Length 14', Beam 58" Depth 23", 4' fore deck, rated for max 22hp. In need of restoration. Construction is wood/canvas, original canvas has been removed. Hull sound, no rot nor broken ribs. 3 seats w/backs all original hardware except for 2 missing brass seat supports, original cable steering, plastic windshield is not original. Will email photos. \$900 as/is (no trailer). **17' B N Morris Model A Type 1 Canoe**, c. 1905-1908. Completely restored. Will email photos. \$3,400. BILL CLEMENTS, N. Billerica, MA, (978) 663-3103, bill@boatbldr.com (6)

17' Quicksilver Canoe, sturdy fg. Spray cover & 2 old paddles incl. Free to a good home. KEN GREGG, Hamilton, MA, (978) 468-3156 phone/fax. (6)



1940 13' Old Town Canoe, ash wood, canvas covered professionally fully restored in early '90s by Bill Clements of Billerica, MA. Serial #140744. Weighs approximately 50lbs, in like-new show-room cond. Ideal for pond/stream use or show. Currently belongs to William (Bill) Zimmerman Jr, whose father was William G. Zimmerman Sr., a New Hampshire state legislator, conservationist and sporting goods dealer in Keene NH. William Sr. and his brother John owned and operated Zimmerman's Sporting Goods and Garage in Keene from 1918 to 1981. See this web page for the ad appearing on the WHCA website: <http://wcha.org/pp-classifieds/showproduct.php?product=268> \$3500 oro. Please call Bill if you're interested in talking with him about his father, the canoe, or anything having to do with fly fishing or the NH outdoors: (603) 863-7182. Email Bill for more information about this canoe: bill-ruth7182@com-cast.net (7)

'82 O'Day Center Cockpit Sloop, a comfortable light displacement cruising boat. Center cockpit provides security & permits large private aft cabin. Highly ranked by *Practical Sailor* as a family cruising boat. Documented. Many extras. Electric anchor windlass, solid fuel fireplace, spinnaker, davits, dinghy, etc. Lying New York City. \$38K OBO. PETER J. BRENNAN, New York, NY, pjb@bway.net (6)

Perception Aquaterra Chinook Sea Kayak, w/ rudder, float bags, skirt. Great for beginner/intermediate paddler. Pictures available. Spring special. \$650. **Wenonah Adirondack Tandem Touring Canoe**, new, never used. Cost \$1,299. Spring Special. \$995. **Cheers, C&C 24 Competition Model**, '77 in storage for years I'm 2nd owner. Vy gd cond w/new Johnson 9.9ob, new rigging, new cushions. Sails in gd cond, spinnaker, main, jib w/new Harken roller furling. Pictures, list of equipment & the orig Owner's Manual. Reluctant sale due to my health condition. Spring price before launching \$12,500. MERV TAYLOR., Lincolnville, ME, (207)763-3533. merv@tidewater.net (6)

8'x4' FG Pram, nds seats & flotation. \$200. TONY GAMBINO, E. Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462. (6)

14' '92 Stur-Dee Cat, gd cond, incl full sail rig, Honda 4-stroke & Karavan trlr. Asking \$4,000. RAY DANFORTH, Shelburne, NH, (603) 466-2621, SALLY GRUBE, (207) 240-7744. (7)

BOATS WANTED

Liveaboard Coastal Cruiser, by non-profit Christian ministry (501c3), large enough for two domestic missionaries to live aboard and coastal cruise for a long time.

BISHOP CLAY TEPPENPAW, 232 Sacramento Blvd., Kemp, TX 75143, (469) 285-9783, graced521@yahoo.com (6)

GEAR FOR SALE

4 WC 1-1/2" Bronze Pintles, fit 1-1/2" thick rudder, never used, pintle is 4-3/4", side is 5", \$20/4 or \$10/2.

a pair.
BOB GUESS, Norfolk, VA, (757) 440-1101, bobguess@cox.net

British Seagull 5hp O/B, '80s vintage long shaft w/forward & reverse, not run in several years, but ran well when laid up. Simple & dependable. Used as auxiliary on sailboat. Asking \$125. Make me an offer.

PETE VENTRE, Cumberland, ME, (207) 653-4447, pventre@cfaw.com. (6)

Boatyard Surplus: Dodgers, American-made new for older boats. **200lb Mushroom Anchor**, American-made. \$150. **Volvo Marine Diesel**, 2-cyl 23hp fwc. \$350. **Bronze Hardware & Portlights**.

TONY GAMBINO, E. Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462. (6)

Palmer 120hp Engine, straight 6, recent top end work & new starter. Runs great. Reduced to \$350.

Palmer 27hp Engine, 4-cyl w/reduction gear. Runs exc. Reduced to \$450.

JOE FITTIPALDI, Rio Grande, NJ, (609) 992-6612. (6)

Surplus Boat Shop Equipment & Materials:

2 pair used oars. 2 8' double-blade Inuit style paddles. Used small lug rig sails, 72sf main, 26sf mizzen. 2-10' pieces of 7/8" nickel-silver sail track. 3/4hp vacuum pump. HVLP paint spray turbine. Clean Air System air cleaner. Plywood scarfing jig plus clamping for 2' wide panels. Pieces of marine mahogany plywood, mostly 8' .2 teak pocket doors built for a 52' motor yacht but never installed. 16' to 18' shaped canoe rub rail stock, spruce and mahogany. Call or email for complete list and prices. BILL CLEMENTS, N. Billerica, MA, (978) 663-3103, bill@boatbldr.com (6)

Johnson Lightwin Weedless Three, the Johnson version of one of Robb White's favorite outboard motors. (See *MAIB* April 1, 2006) I've just acquired this motor, but have no need for it, and would like to see it go to someone who appreciates its unique qualities. I am not a mechanic, but the motor seems to be in gd orig cond. I also have the orig motor manual, but it is in vy poor cond. Asking \$100.

JOHN ULMER, Canal Fulton, OH, (330) 854-3796. (6)

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Sail Graveyard Rudder, for McGregor Venture. G. THOMPSON, (207) 284-4137. (6)

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Shows

May 26-29 Craft Show, New Paltz, NY **

Jun 7-10 Chicago In-Water Boat Show

Jun 15-7 ACBS, St Michaels's, MD **

Jun 29-Jul1 WoodenBoat, Mystic, CT **

July 6-8 Berkshire Arts Festival, MA **

Aug 10-12 Maine Boats, Rockland, ME**

**on-water demos

We'd like to thank the folks at *WoodenBoat* for adding a photo of our cedar guideboat to this year's show poster. We'd also like to thank David Bridges who built that boat from one of our kits. He entered his boat in the show's Concourse 'd Elegance and won "Best in Show."

As he wrote to us, "As far as I'm concerned, much of that award goes to you and your company for producing a kit so superior that even an amateur can built a show boat. I cannot say enough good things about your boat design and kit quality. The entire process of building my boat was nothing but pleasant - mostly due to the completeness, careful preparation and quality of your kit.

Thanks for making me look like a hero, even though the credit goes to you and your company."

The following url will take you to WoodenBoat's website and you can download a gorgeous full color version of this poster.

www.thewoodenboatshow.com